

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC

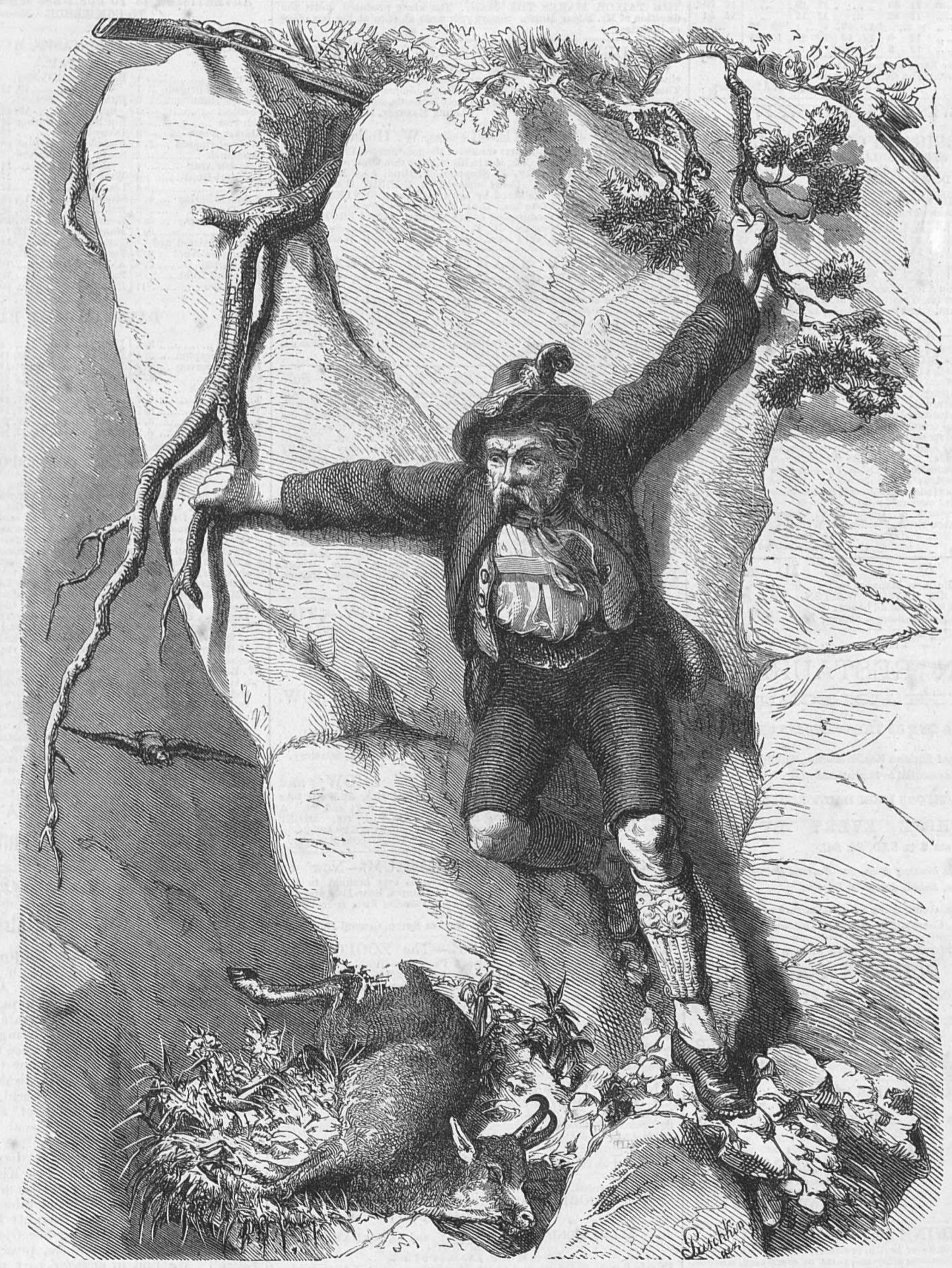
NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 111.—VOL. V.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876.

PRICE SIXPENCE
By Post 6*½*d.



THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

RAILWAYS.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES DOG SHOW,
MAIDSTONE.

MAY 9, 10, 11, and 12, 1876.

THE WATER-DOG TRIALS

will be held on May 10. Entries close April 22.

Class 53.—Dogs or Bitches over 70lb in weight, of any breed.

Class 54.—Dogs or Bitches under 70lb.

The entrance-fee for either class will be 7s. 6d., besides subscription, for dogs only competing for the trials; 3s. 6d. only to those otherwise entered in the Show.

PRIZES.—A piece of plate of the value of £5 5s. will be given as first prize in each class, and extra prizes, at the recommendation of the judges, according to merit and number of entries.

The tests will be for STRENGTH, COURAGE, SPEED, SAGACITY, beyond which owners will be at liberty to exhibit any special performances of which their dogs are capable.

PERFORMING DOGS OUT OF WATER,
for Dogs or Bitches, any weight. Entrance-fees and prizes same as in Water Trials.

SHEEPDOG TRIALS.

(See advertisements of last week.)

ENTRIES FOR THE DOG SHOW CLOSE APRIL 15.

ERRATA: In Schedule, Class 13, read, "Setters, English only." In Class 14 read "Setters, any other Breed, including Irish and Gordon." In Class 51 read "Price not to exceed £10."

Schedules and entry forms of G. H. NUTT, Hon. Sec.

West Borro', Maidstone.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

CROYDON STEEPELCHASES on TUESDAY
and WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4 and 5.SPECIAL FAST TRAINS,
AT ORDINARY FIRST AND THIRD CLASS FARES,
TO WOODSIDE RACECOURSE STATION AND BACK.

LEAVING	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Charing-cross	at 11 50	...	12 10	...	12 50
Waterloo	11 52	...	12 15	...	12 52
Cannon-street	"	12 10	...	12 20	...
London Bridge	12 0	12 12	12 20	12 25	1 0
New-cross	12 8	12 20

Returning after the Races by Special Trains as required.

Tickets available on the day of issue only.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE GRAND MILITARY
STEEPLECHASES
will take place at
SANDOWN PARK, Esher.

On SATURDAY, APRIL 1, Ordinary Trains will run to and from Esher, as follows, and Special Trains as they may be required:—

Waterloo ...Leave	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
6 10	7 20	9 45	10 15	11 30	12 15	2 25
6 15	7 25	9 50	...	12 20	2 30	
Kensington	6 5	7 10	9 33	9 33	11 17	12 15
Esher...Arrive	6 47	7 59	10 24	10 40	11 55	12 52

Esher Station is within a few minutes' walk of Sandown Park. Ordinary Trains leave Esher for Waterloo at 2.51, 3.53, 4.15, 5.0, 5.20, 5.52, 7.43, and 9.56 p.m. And Special Trains as required.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—INDIAN SERVICE.—Regular and Direct Steam Communication from GLASGOW and LIVERPOOL to BOMBAY. The Steamers of the Anchor Line are intended to be dispatched as follows:—

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

EUROPA Saturday, April 15 Saturday, April 22.

INDIA Saturday, May 13 Saturday, May 20.

MACEDONIA Saturday, June 10 Saturday, June 17.

Additional Sailings will be arranged as the exigencies of the trade may require. These vessels were specially built and equipped for the conveyance of Passengers, and are fitted with all the modern improvements and comforts usual in the Indian trade. The State Rooms are large, airy, and well ventilated, and the accommodation for Cabin Passengers is unsurpassed. Early applications for Passages should be made. Saloon Cabin Fare, Forty-five Guineas; which includes all requisites except Wines and Liquors, which can be had on board at moderate rates.

Apply to Henderson Brothers, 47, Union-street, Glasgow; 17, Water-street, Liverpool; 1, Panmure-street, Dundee; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; or to HENDERSON BROTHERS, 19, Leadenhall-street, London.

D. S. THOMAS,
Business Manager to
EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.
All letters should be sent to
No. 16, Beaufort-buildings, Strand, London.THE
HOLBORN RESTAURANT,
218, HIGH HOLBORN,
ONE OF THE SIGHTS & ONE OF THE COMFORTS OF LONDON.

Attractions of the chief Parisian Establishments, with the quiet and order essential to English customs.

DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS FROM DAILY BILL OF FARE.

A TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING
from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.,

Including two Soups, two kinds of Fish, two Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, Salad, &c., with Dessert.

THIS FAVOURITE DINNER IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF HIGH-CLASS INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. COFFEE, TEA, CHESS, AND SMOKING ROOMS.

POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST ARROWROOT. BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN-FLOUR HAS TWENTY YEARS WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

SUITABLE FOR ALL SEASONS AND CLIMATES.

BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN-FLOUR IS A DOMESTIC REQUISITE OF CONSTANT UTILITY.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

DEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

THEATRES.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mrs. Bateman.—Last Six Nights of Othello. EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, OTHELLO. Othello, Mr. Henry Irving; Desdemona, Miss Isabel Bateman; and Emilia, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe).

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—Last four weeks of Miss Neilson's engagement—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT. After which, at 8.15, Shakespeare's Comedy in five acts, MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Miss Neilson, as Isabella, supported by Mr. Buckstone, Messrs. Howe, C. Harcourt, C. Warner, H. B. Conway, Everill, Gordon, Braid, Clark, Osborne, Weathersby, Rivers, &c.; Mesdames Edith Challis, Fitzwilliam, and Osborne. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe. Doors open at 7; Box-office open till 5. No Free List. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8 precisely, A SCRAP OF PAPER. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson, Miss Hollingshead, Miss Hughes, Miss Ingram, Miss Cowle; Mr. Kendal, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. After which, at 10, A QUIET RUBBER—Lord Kilclare, Mr. Hare. Box-office hours 11 till 5. No fees for booking. Doors opened at 7.30. Acting Manager, Mr. H. Huy.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—On SATURDAY, APRIL 1, and Every Evening until further Notice, at 7, TWO TO ONE—Mr. C. H. Stephenson. At 7.40, the Comedy by C. S. Cheltnam, A LESSON IN LOVE—Messrs. H. Cox, J. G. Grahame, and W. H. Vernon; Mesdames Marian Terry, T. Lavis, and Miss Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, CRACKED HEADS—Messrs. E. Terry, H. Cox; Mesdames L. Venne and A. Claude. After which will be produced the Latest Edition of the RIVAL OTHELLOS, written by H. J. Byron.—M. Marius and Mr. E. Terry; Misses A. Claude and M. Jones.

GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

A new Drama, in Three Acts, entitled JO, adapted from Charles Dickens's "Bleak House." Enormous success of Miss Jennie Lee as Jo. The Misses D. Drummond, Nelly Harris, F. Robertson, K. Lee, and Miss Louise Hibbert; Messrs. Flockton, E. Price, C. Steyne, J. B. Rae, C. Wilmet, and J. P. Burnett. Preceded, at 7.30, by a new and original farce, THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. Edgar Bruce. Secure your seats at once at the box office or libraries.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Theresa Valery, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee, W. Holland.—One week longer only. Enormous success of the great Drama SENTENCED TO DEATH. Mr. George Conquest in his original character, supported by Harry Taylor, H. E. Sidney, F. Shepperd, F. Hind, &c.; Misses Susie Vaughan, F. Johnson, &c. Doors open at 7; ROBERT MACAIRE at 7.30—James Fawn, &c.; followed by the great Drama SENTENCED TO DEATH. Prices from 6d. to 3gs. Great preparations now being made for the great Drama, to be produced on Easter Monday, entitled FROM STEM TO STERN. Stage Manager, H. F. Doyne. Musical Director, Sidney Davis. Acting Manager, W. Parker. Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass.—Miss Louie Moodie, the favourite actress, as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in the drama "East Lynne."—On MONDAY, APRIL 3, and following Evenings, at Seven, EAST LYNNE—Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, Miss Louie Moodie. Conclude with the drama FOR SALE, with its sensational Sale by Auction. On Saturday, April 15, FOR ONE NIGHT only, Miss Lydia Thompson and Company, from the Criterion Theatre, in PAUL PRY and BLUE BEARD.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall.—On MONDAY and Every Evening during the Week, to commence, at 7, with the successful Drama of VELVET AND RAGS, by Geo. Conquest and Paul Meritt. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Inch, &c. Incidental Dances. To conclude with THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME. On Wednesday VELVET AND RAGS, Farce, Mulette of Toledo. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING, at 6.45, THE ARMOURER, a New Drama, by Mr. R. Dodson—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde, Miles, Adams, Summers, Rayner Mrs. Newham. Followed by WOMAN'S RIGHTS, a New Bouffonniere Musicale. Original sparkling Melodies, composed expressly for this theatre. Frivolin, Mrs. S. Lane. Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis; Miles. Pollie Randall, Bellair, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Concluding with DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—DOG SHOW.—THE

KENNEL CLUB'S Eighth Show will take place on JUNE 3, 5, 6, and 7. Schedules are now ready. Class 7 A (for mastiffs other than fawn) has been added to the prize-list. Entries (close May 1) to G. Lowe, Secretary, 2, Albert-mansions, Victoria-street, London.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

President—The Right Honourable Lord Calthorpe.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The above Show this year WILL NOT be held at Pomona Gardens. Full particulars will be announced in a few days.

4, St. Mary's-street, Manchester. M. H. CHADWICK, Secretary.

THE INTERNATIONAL PONY SHOW

and EXHIBITION of HUNTERS, HACKNEYS, COBS, &c., will take place at LILLIE-BRIDGE, WEST-BROMPTON, MAY 24 and 25. A GRAND SHOW OF TERRIERS, LADIES' FANCY DOGS, SHEEP DOGS, and SHEEP DOGS' TRIALS will also be held JUNE 20 and 21. WM. GROOM, Manager.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now on

View. SEA-LIONS, the only specimens ever brought to this country; large Octopuses, English Sharks, Sea-Horses, Boar-Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Sterlet, from Russia; Telescope and Paradise Fish, from China; Red Char and Silver Char, Trout, Salmon, &c.

G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

NEW LION HOUSE.—THE ZOOLOGICAL

SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. The new Lion House contains six Lions, eight Tigers, three Pumas, two Jaguars, and three Leopards. The Sea Lions are fed at 4.30 p.m.

WE owe an apology to the Spiritualists for having so long suffered their intercourse with "Oliver Cromwell," and "Mary Stuart," and "Mary Antoinette," and the spirits of the vast Smith family, to pass unnoticed. Oliver does not seem to have manifested lately—an abstention on his part rather surprising, considering the present agitated state of the public mind in reference to the Queen's titles. It is a comfort, however, to know that "Mary Stuart" is yet on hand, yearning "to awaken a knowledge of man's relation to the angel world, and to show the pathway to the deific heart of all life, with which, once attained, the human soul will vibrate with universal love for evermore." "Marie Antoinette," with a condescension that does her credit, has been manifesting, through Mrs. Kimball, an American lady of varied talents. She—we mean Marie—like the Scottish Mary and Oliver the Silent, despises politics. On her last appearance, at Doughty Hall, she chiefly contented herself with blessing her friend Mrs. Burke and "The Home for Spiritualists, presently to be inaugurated." We find in another part of the journal from which we have obtained the above information that the Spiritualists are sending round the hat in order to provide furniture for the Home. Had Marie Antoinette's little interview with her friend Mrs. B. anything to do with that operation, we wonder?

GRAND CENTRAL SKATING RINK and

PROMENADE CONCERTS, Holborn (late Amphitheatre), OPEN DAILY, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 3 p.m. to 5 p.m., and 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Full Band Afternoon and Evening. Plimpton's Skates. Admission, 1s.; including use of skates, 1s. 6d.

S. T. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Newly Decorated, and fitted with entirely New Scenery and Proscenium.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT;

and

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at

THREE and EIGHT.

Doors open at 2.30 and 7 o'clock.

Private Boxes, £2 12s. 6d. and £1 1s. 6d.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

No fees. No charge for Programmes.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—DAILY, at 3 and 8, HAMILTON'S GRAND DIORAMA of the NEW OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA, via Paris, Mont Cenis, Brindisi, and the Suez Canal.

M DME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.

PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m

Disestablishment meetings are becoming a nuisance. The "slang-whanging Tartars" of Dissent are not, we beg leave to say, the mildest-mannered men in the world, or the most gentlemanly. We have nothing to say about the point at issue. For aught we know to the contrary, Archbishop Tait and the Rev. Morley Punshon are "colloquing" together for the aggrandisement of the Church of Cardinal Manning; for aught we care the Rev. Mr. Haweis is still fellow well met with Father Newman. But we protest, in the name of common decency, against such utterances as the following, which are reported to have fallen from the lips of a reverend Dissenter in the presence of the nobility and gentry of North Somercotes, wherever that city may be:—"If I was guided, however, wholly by worldly wisdom and was a landlord, I should not let a farm to a Roman Catholic, for Catholics are invariably a slovenly lot (Laughter). If you go to Ireland you will be able to point out to an inch where the farm of a Catholic ends and that of a Protestant begins (Laughter). The very grass on the farm of the Catholic is far different from that on the land of the Protestant: the former is a sort of straw colour, while the latter is a bright green (Renewed laughter). The hedges are different, the horses are different; in fact, everything is so different that, as I said before, you can tell to an inch where the farm of a Catholic ends and that of a Protestant begins. For the sake of good policy, therefore, I should hesitate to let my land to a Roman Catholic. But if I were under the control of a priest it might be altogether different. If I believed that he had influence with Heaven, and that God's spirit came through him, and he told me I must not let any part of my estates to a Protestant, it is very likely I should submit to his influence in letting my land (Hear, hear)." "Hear, hear," indeed!

Thank goodness! the provincial *Flaneur* is not dead. He can yet drop into prose-poetry on the slightest provocation. Witness his rhapsodies—as under—over a Malacca cane:—"I must certainly congratulate Sergeant-Major McElhinney on the presentation which has this week been made to him. Some time ago I was informed that a mark of respect and good feeling was about to be shown the veteran Sergeant-Major; and I sincerely hope that, although he has arrived at a green old age, he may yet live long to look back with pleasant reminiscences, not only upon his past eventful life, but also on the proceedings incidental to the gift of which he was the happy recipient on Tuesday evening last. A Malacca cane is acceptable at all times, but when it comes from a body of gentlemen, in the shape of a gift, its worth is doubled—at least, I think the Sergeant-Major will look at it in that light, or I am very much mistaken in his general character." The happy recipient of a Malacca cane that comes from a body of gentlemen is a person to be envied.

Mr. Du Jardin, of St. Helier's, Jersey, charged Miss Blampied with having sold Joseph Turner three pounds of butter that was not fresh. The butter was produced, and the inspector (Mr. Du J.) said it was not fit to eat. On being put before the fire it turned white. Although Mr. Du J. brought the case forward in the interests of the public—noble creature!—he did not think the butter was adulterated, but was simply "mixed." Unreasonable being. On the same basis such an inspector would object to his grog.

From this time henceforward let Mr. Weston and Captain Webb "sing small." Mr. Jenkins, M.P., the author of "Ginx's Baby" and "The Devil's Chain-pier" and so forth, is a candidate for a line in *Bell's Life*. He hasn't walked 450 miles in six days, he hasn't even swam the Channel; but he has written a political satire in—we know not how few hours. We will not discuss his book. It may be that in Mr. Jenkins's case easy writing has not proved—hard reading. It may also be that the idea of the blot on the Queen's Head was engendered in his busy brain prior to its occurring to Mr. John Tenniel. We are glad to be able to congratulate him. He is now fairly enlisted in the ranks of professional prize-fighters. He is open to be backed. Man and money are ready—or ought to be. In future we shall think of him as we think of Young Hoare and Jem Mace, and the Norfolk Dumpling and Slang's Novice. He can be backed, gentlemen, to write a political satire within a given time against any author in the world.

A correspondent "wants to know you know" whether the Lord Chamberlain has recently paid a visit to the Alhambra? Also whether we can give him a letter of recommendation to Mr. A. Nagle? He has read Mr. Culleton's pamphlet and has an idea (erroneous, no doubt) that he can supply the directors with whisky at a much less price than they have been in the habit of paying. We advise our correspondent to write to Mr. Nagle. In the matter of correspondence he is courtesy itself.

It appears that if it be the proud privilege of men to make The flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze respected, it is the privilege of women to make the flag itself. Here is ground for the casuist: Is the maker of the flag or he who simply upholds it entitled to the greater respect? It is easy to see that if the flag were never made it never could be upheld. Here also is ground for the sentimental: Our flags of to-day are no more than the favours worn in helmets by belted knights of old when they did battle for the reputation of their mistresses' beauty. Of course the favour is now worn a couple of hundred feet above the head, but that is only an alteration in degree, not in kind. No just man, should there be such an anomaly extant in our day, will deny honour to the upholder or the maker of the flag. But hark to the howls of political economists following at this public announcement respecting their Lordships of the Admiralty:—"Some months back the clerks and other junior officials of Chatham Dockyard, as well as the mechanics, labourers, and women employed in the yard, sent petitions to the Admiralty praying for an increase of pay, and yesterday replies to the petitions

were received, their Lordships, with one exception, stating they are unable to accede to the terms of the petition. The only increase granted is to the women engaged in the colour-loft making flags for the Navy, and they are to receive an addition of 1d. a day."

Was it not the Tasmanians that, having imported rabbits from England, found it necessary to make as sequel an importation of foxes for the suppression of the fur? We are not just now possessed of details respecting the result, but it proved satisfactory in some degree. There are both foxes and rabbits in England, and, moreover, rabbit-catchers. Whether the Tasmanians have yet imported the last-mentioned we do not know, but the biped followers of the small deer seem to have their hands full in one part of England, for we read that "On an estate near Sedgfield, Durham, 32,000 rabbits have been killed by the rabbit-catchers during the past twelve months. One of the tenants reaped eight bushels of wheat from an entire field last year." We are not informed whether the "field" was a four foot or a forty acre one. If the former the yield of wheat was above—if the latter, below—the average. From the drift of the passage quoted we take it that the yield was not up to a good average. Moral: You can't have a coneycopia and a cornucopia from the same land.

The Municipal Council of Antwerp offer 3000f. for the best history of their city's school of painting, to be written in the Flemish language. But who, accustomed to any articulate dialect, would plunge into a Flemish slough of gutturals for twice the money?

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

Quite recently we gave an illustration of a chamois-hunter aiming at his quarry, and explained, at the time that, even when he did "hit," he rarely touched the animal he shot, on account of its generally falling in some inaccessible place. In our present issue the hunter may be seen letting himself down upon a ledge uncommonly like an eagle's eyrie or other out-of-the-way mountain niche. How he is to get back again we cannot even conjecture; but the Swiss chamois-hunters are both daring and skilful, and let us hope it will be all right.

MR. MARIUS.

This clever comedian, in his way one of the most capable artists on the London stage, has, like Mr. Charles Wyndham, sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. Born in Paris, on Feb. 18, 1850, he early manifested a love for the stage, but for some time family influences kept this down to the proper pitch by means of "the dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood." He was brought up, as the phrase goes, for a commercial life, but in 1865 he cast aside all his rosy prospects in that direction and became an actor, beginning at the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques as "a super." From that time until 1869 he went up nearly every step of the ladder, and successfully encountered most of those difficulties which beset an aspirant to theatrical fame. In November, 1869, he was engaged at the Lyceum Theatre, and made his first appearance on the English stage in *Chilperic*. He played Landry in that piece, and afterwards Liebel in *Little Faust*. In 1870 he joined the 7th Bataillon de Chasseurs à Pied and fought through the siege of Paris. On March 21, 1871, he was taken prisoner by the Communists; but he subsequently escaped and joined the Army de Versailles. He obtained his discharge as a corporal in November, 1871, from Ajaccio (Corsica), and returned to England, reappearing at the Philharmonic Theatre as Charles Martel and Drogan in *Geneviève de Brabant*. Since then he has played in *Nemesis* (see Mr. Stretch's clever drawing), *Loo, Eldorado, The Rival Othello*, &c., at the Strand Theatre, which establishment could ill spare him. We have the highest opinion of Mr. Marius's abilities, and firmly believe that he has a bright future before him—if he is only allowed the opportunity of doing himself justice.

Shooting Notes.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING.

* * * * "Hark! that quest proclaims
The woodcock's haunt. Again! now joining all,
They shake the echoing wood with tuneful notes.
I heard the sounding wing; but down the wood
He took his flight. I meet him there anon.
As fast I press to gain the wish'd for spot,
On either side my busy spaniels try:
At once they wheel—at once they open loud,
And the next instant flush th' expected bird.
Right up he darts amongst the mingling boughs;
But bare of leaves, they hide not from my view
His fated form; and ere he can attain
Th' attempted height, with rapid flight to cleave
The yielding air, arrested by the shot,
With shatter'd wing revers'd and plumage fair,
Wide scatt'ring in the wind, headlong he falls."

The woodcock is generally considered an easy shot to an experienced sportsman, but to a tyro very puzzling. Its flight is deceptive, and varies considerably, according to time of day, season, and wind; it is sometimes slow and laboured, at others rapid and direct, as if bent on a determined destination. Notwithstanding these peculiarities, some of which would seem to favour the sportsman's aim, there is no bird of equal proportions so frequently missed, though flushed at the very feet of its pursuer; sometimes rising very very awkwardly, and crossing through openings within a few yards of his position, creating a temptation to fire often too irresistible for an anxious man. It often happens that when a woodcock is first flushed, it offers the fairest shot that could be desired; when the sportsman wishing to kill the bird cleanly, by taking time, loses the chance as the cock suddenly turns, and darts through a narrow opening among trees, where it is impossible to obtain a view sufficiently clear to make effective use of the gun. More random shots are fired at these than at any other birds, because of the uncertainty of their movements and the eagerness to get possession of so choice a prize. The remotest chance is instantly embraced, and thus they are popped at through impenetrable brushwood, trees, and branches. The sportsman should closely watch their flight in the openings and shoot the instant a fair chance offers, or he may lose it. When cock-shooting in woods where the trees are lofty, it is generally advisable to shoot before the bird rises so high as the branches.

The sportsman will do well before leaving the covert to take a turn round the outside; more particularly if the dogs and beaters have done their work properly. Many a woodcock on being flushed in thick covert drops again just on the skirts of

the grove. Holly-bushes and evergreens should always be well beaten, they are among the most likely places in the wood to shelter a cock:

Content he wanders, or beneath the shade
Of scatter'd hollies turns with curious bill
The fall'n leaves, to find his hidden food.

In very severe and long continued frosts woodcocks forsake their inland resorts, and depart to woods near the sea-coast, where they remain during the day, and fly to the saltings at twilight, instinct teaching them that the frost has less effect on the sea-ground than on fresh-water localities; but woodcocks never seek such places except as a last resource during a trying season. The western coast of Scotland is a favourite resort of woodcocks during severe weather; the frost drives them from northern and eastern parts to a coast on which the snow never remains very long, the aspect being warmer and more favourable. There is no doubt but they are fond of warmth, and endeavour to choose a resort which faces the sun. The best kind of dogs for finding woodcocks are clumber spaniels; but they should be carefully trained to the pursuit, and under the perfect control of their masters: should be persevering in their nature, of good courage, and inured to hard work. The best gun for this kind of sport is a 12-bore; if a "choke" so much the better, as it shoots stronger, and the charge is not so easily deflected by branches. With a gun made for me by Rigby, of Dublin, on this principle, I can always make sure of a cock at seventy yards, down a glade. The charge I use is 3 drachms of powder and 1oz of No. 6 shot. I have repeatedly killed rabbits at forty and fifty yards with the same gun; and I ascribe the failure of many sportsmen to "hit" with guns bored on the new system to their using too much powder and shot. I also find that thin wads cause my gun to shoot better than thick ones. Schultze's wood powder I also prefer to common black powder, when using my new gun.—R. (Junior Carlton Club).

CONCERNING GUN-BARREL BORING.—The breech-loader is not bored in the same manner as the muzzle-loader. If the latter is bored true, it is of little consequence what the bore is; as it can be made to shoot well if the right charge of powder and shot is so selected as to suit the particular size of bore. The shot should lie compactly in the barrels in perfect layers. Whether it does so or not is easily ascertained by putting a wad in the barrel about one eighth of an inch from the muzzle, and putting on the top of the wad just as many shot of the right size as will fill up the bore in one perfect layer, so that there be no room left for half a pellet more. In a breech-loader the above plan does not apply, as the charge is started in a No. 11 bore cartridge-case—this is the exact size of a 12 cartridge-case inside—and compressed into a 12-bore barrel. A certain amount of compression is necessary to obtain strong and close shooting. The penetration or pattern cannot be improved by increasing the amount of powder and shot beyond a certain charge. Superior shooting is dependent upon the comparative size of chamber and barrel, the method of boring, and the kind of metal the barrels are composed of. Some gunmakers leave a nearly square shoulder from the chamber into the barrel. This is a bad arrangement, and causes great friction, unnecessary recoil, and also damages the shot. When properly made, there is a gentle tapering from the chamber into the barrel. These are points which are carefully attended to by first-class makers; and without these conditions good shooting cannot be obtained.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.—Sheffield Hyde Park, Tuesday.—There was an average attendance here this afternoon to witness Mr. Haigh's £3 sweep, with £10 added. The conditions were—Entrance, £3 each; 1½oz of shot; 17 to 21 yards' rise, 60 fall; to be drawn in pairs, and handicapped according to merit. There were but four shooters, the first pair to contend being T. Lax, of Sheffield, and T. Winward, of Rumworth, both standing at 21 yards' rise. After a tie, both grassing five out of seven, they shot off at five more birds, and Lax, killing four to Winward's three, won the first heat. Lax after this was made favourite at 24 to 20. The second pair were J. Duckett and R. Axe, both of Sheffield, who stood at 20 and 19 yards' rise respectively; their shooting was particularly good, Duckett gathering all the seven he shot at, and Axe missed but one. Betting on separate shots varied from 2 to 1 to 5 to 2 on the gun. The shooting was then postponed until Tuesday and Wednesday next. Most of our "crack" shots use guns made by Mr. Maleham of this town, who so distinguished himself by his manufacture at the *Field* "gun trial." The guns he is now turning out carry all before them. A match was also shot between A. Gregory and W. Darley, both of Sheffield, at seven birds each, for £5 a side, 1oz of shot, 21 yards' rise, 60 fall. Gregory was most fancied at 5 to 4, and he ultimately won by killing four to the other's three. Mr. W. Bailey officiated as referee. On Tuesday and Wednesday, April 4 and 5, Mr. Haigh will add £10 to the entries in a pigeon-shooting handicap; seven birds each, 1½oz of shot, 21 yards' rise, 60 fall; entrance, £3 each; to be drawn in heats; first time round, and to shoot off in final. Entries taken up to commencement of shooting on Wednesday. Anyone can shoot at all his birds on the second day.

GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S-BUSH.—The members of this club mustered in strong force on Saturday; but, notwithstanding the delightful weather for the true enjoyment of outdoor sports, only a very few of the general public put in an appearance. The principal events were a couple of optional sweepstakes at handicap distances, the conditions being at five and three pigeons each. For the first of these sixteen competed, while for the latter fourteen answered to their names, and, as will be seen by the return, the Duke of Montrose, Sir G. H. Leith, and Mr. Conant each killed five; but in shooting off the ties "his Grace" was the only one who succeeded in bringing down his bird, and secured £16. In the second optional, of three pigeons each, Mr. Brewen, Mr. Jaffray, and Captain F. Leighton grassed all their birds; after which Mr. Brewen, who was standing at 27½ yards, brought down four more in succession in grand style, taking £18, he being the only one who had subscribed £3; while Mr. Jaffray, who killed one less, had nothing to reward him for his trouble and excellent shooting, Captain Leighton, failing to touch his first tie bird, being early out of the fray. Later on several sweepstakes were got through, the principal winners being Sir G. H. Leith, Mr. J. Davies, Mr. Wilton, Mr. Booth, Mr. T. Lant, and Mr. Hopwood.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL CLUB COURSING MEETING (CONCLUDED).—The Douglas Cup was won by Mr. Briggs's Beardwood, by Blackburn out of Bessie; Mr. Abbott's Miss Crossley, by Lara out of Bianca, won the Bigger Stakes; and Mr. R. W. Abbott's Saracenet, by Master Birnie out of Sweetbriar, and the Earl of Haddington's Handsel, by Cashier out of Atalanta, divided the Caledonian Stakes.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advr.]

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE SHOW OF CATS, RABBITS, AND GUINEA-PIGS.

To the presiding genius of Muswell Hill, the public were indebted for the first exhibitions of Balaclava heroes and Irishmen at the Alexandra Palace; and Sir Edward Lee has now crowned his previous efforts as a showman by holding a show unique in its way as a combination, we believe, the animals comprised in the exhibition thrown open on Saturday last being cats, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. They manage these affairs well enough at the Alexandra Palace. Whether the exhibits be dogs or dolls, rabbits or cats (why not have included squirrels and white mice?), they are invariably shown to the best advantage. As for the judging, there probably never has been a show the awards of which have given universal satisfaction, and the Cat, Rabbit, and Guinea-Pig Show proved no exception to this rule. Not without interest, nevertheless, may be the accompanying portraits of a few of the prize-winners, from the practised pencil of our Special Artist, Mr. R. H. Moore. No. 1 is the very attractive group of Minnie with kittens and white puppy, exhibited by Mr. S. Collier. No. 2 is Mr. J. Newland's tortoiseshell cat, that carried off a cup in its class. No. 3 is Mr. How's long-haired tabby, which also won a cup. Coming to the rabbits, No. 4 represents Mr. P. Ogilvie's Belgian hare doe; No. 5, Mr. H. Pankhurst's Dutch buck; and No. 6, Mr. E. Frost's doe and young. With regard to the couple

of guinea-pigs pictured by Mr. Moore, No. 7 is Mr. G. H. Howe's doe, and No. 8 Mr. F. King's buck, these two being the only first-prize takers—a fact not to be wondered at when only seven guinea-pigs in all were exhibited. It may be added that, out of the total of about 450 entries, the cats numbered nearly 250, being divided into forty classes, and the 200 rabbits formed some dozen classes. Messrs. P. H. Jones and W. J. Nichols were the hon. secretaries; and the judges were Mr. Harrison Weir and Mr. Jenner Weir for cats, and Mr. F. Banks, Mr. W. Heath, and Mr. W. J. Boyle for rabbits.

GREBE-SHOOTING ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

THE Lake of Geneva is the resort of great numbers of that species of diving bird called the Tippett Grebe, or Crested Duck, *Podiceps Cristatus*, whose skin, with its beautiful silky plumage, is in much request for the material of muffs and trimming of warm pelisses. It is a large bird, the male measuring 24in in length, with a long slender neck, which is adorned with a ruff or tippet, dark brown, like the tufted crest upon the head; the back and wings are greyish brown; the rest of the plumage is white. The tail is a mere tuft of soft downy feathers. The crests and ruffs are grown in spring, but disappear in the autumn of each year. The sketch we

have engraved shows the manner in which these birds are killed. The gentleman who furnished the sketch writes:—

"The grebe is never seen on the lake before November, and then he is on his way to the Italian lakes. We have very good shooting in November and December; hardly any in January; but February, March, and April are the best months. An old sportsman told me last night that February is the best of all. The grebe are often found in what I may call deep water—that is, about a mile from the shore. In bad weather they are often seen under the bridges of Geneva, where they are shot from the end of the breakwater or from the bridges. The value of a good grebe for making ladies' muffs is from 8f to 10f, and many boatmen earn enough in the winter to keep their wives and children during the rest of the year."

"A word must be said about the tools for grebe-shooting. The first thing, of course, is a good strong boat, which should be worked by a screw. This sport requires, secondly, a good duck-gun and two or three good sportsmen's guns, such as are used by English gamekeepers. All the guns must be charged and ready for business before you start, and you must see that your ammunition and all other parts of your equipment are in working order. Any good boat with a screw can be converted into a grebe-shooting boat by merely placing a board about 2ft high to conceal the persons in the boat. In the centre of this board a hole is cut to let out the muzzle of the heavy gun or canardier. The boat ought to be painted as



PRIZE CATS, RABBITS, AND GUINEA-PIGS, AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE SHOW.

TWO PICTURES.

THE BOOKWORM.

A PEDANT of the first water in congenial company, or an academic artist of the old school? Which is it that figures in the foreground of the elaborately-designed picture reproduced in our Illustration on page 17? Alas! mere black and white can scarcely convey to us an exact idea of this "bookworm." Were the painting itself before us there might be some subtle inkling of character—say a suspicion of ruby on the most prominent feature of the grave face—to suggest that over the walnuts and the wine the gravity of his visage might relax and his eyes twinkle at the telling of some Rabelaisian joke. Or, stay! the thought is suggested by the hosts of erudite pictures for the Academy we have lately had the privilege of inspecting—is it possible that they are bookworms of the brush who are here limned? Is it a Tadema or Frith, a Marks or Leighton of the past century that we see intently poring over an old tome for some musty incident of bygone times to portray? Whatever they may be—mere bookworms or bookish artists who filch their ideas from the writers of the past in lieu of using their own minds to paint the living, breathing life around them—we are compelled to turn from this feast of reason, if not flow of soul, to the livelier picture of

"MOTLEY'S THE ONLY WEAR,"

which title may be thought to fit the subject well enough, albeit it is no forest wherein we meet the merry brace of fools portrayed on page 24. These Touchstones are plainly luxuriating in the hall of a noble castle, toasting

their lady, mayhap, with my lady's page, until such time as the beards shall wag in the banqueting-hall, and their lord shall have call for their quips and cranks wherewith to set the table in a roar. If books bring wrinkles and foolery dimpled laughter, as the pictures before us seem to suggest, then may we be allowed, perhaps, to say, with the melancholy Jacques,

O noble fool!

A worthy fool! motley's the only wear!

Hunting.

THE Empress of Austria will leave Easton Neston Park for Vienna on Sunday next, the day after the steeplechases. The ex-King and Queen of Naples will remain at Park View till the end of the hunting season.

Her Majesty's Staghounds met a large field, including the noble master, Earl Hardwicke, yesterday week, at Hawthorne Hill, where the deer was uncared at noon, and made off in the direction of the Thames, crossing the Windsor road, and on to Redstone Farm, doubling back to the field where it was turned out, and on to Waltham, away to East Hampstead Church, being eventually captured in Swinley Park, about two miles from Ascot.

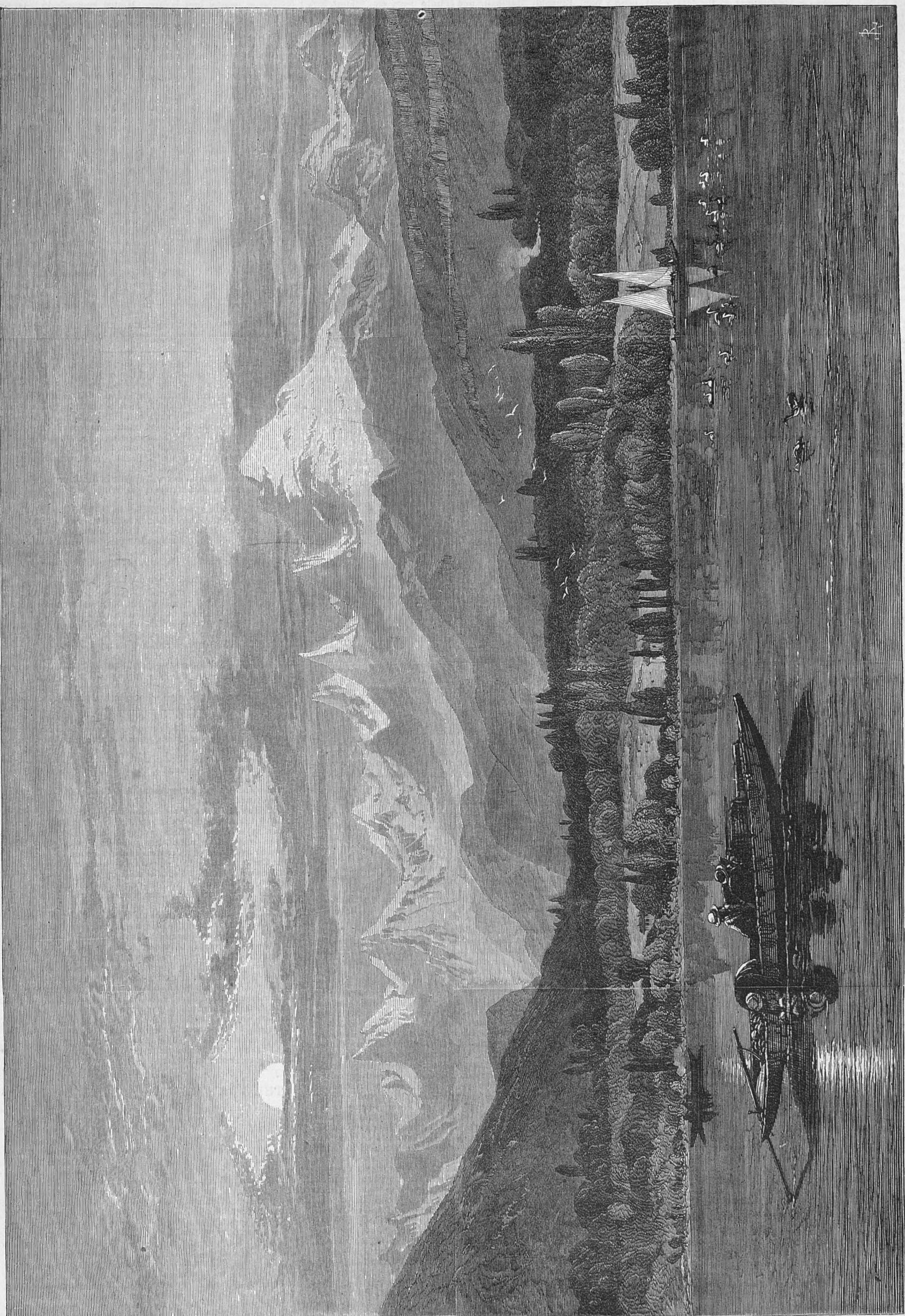
On Tuesday last her Majesty's buckhounds met at Farnham-common, a very large field being out, including Mr. R. Richardson-Gardner, M.P., Bowen May, Colonel Hayford, Dr. Collins, J. Walker, E. Paget, E. Beech, Colonel Smyth, J. W. Saunders, H. Allnutt, W. Moon, several ladies, and many officers

near as possible the colour of the water. If you start in a red painted boat, you have a poor chance of getting within a mile of a covey of grebe. The ordinary grebe canardier weighs about 28lb or 30lb, and is worked on a swivel.

"Now, let us fancy a fine, clear, sunshiny February morning. Everybody is up and has breakfasted before daylight, and all are bent on a good day's sport. The lake boatman, whom you have engaged to turn the screw, sees that everything is in order, and away you go. Do not forget a good spy-glass; it enables you to see the coveys at a distance, when ordinary eyes cannot discern them. On perceiving a covey, the first order of the day is 'Silence.' Row on, or rather screw on, to within about a hundred yards of the covey, and then let fly at them with your canardier. All the lot, except the dead and wounded, plunge under water for a moment or two, and never raise their bodies to the surface of the water till, I suppose, they think all danger is over. They swim under water with only their heads about four inches above the surface. In the mean time, by the aid of your screw and a pair of oars, you are near about where you last saw them, and where the heads will soon be above water. All three of you ready to let fly with your small-arms. If at any time you get near enough to use your small-arms whilst the grebe is on the surface, always fire at the head. Firing at the body of a grebe has no more effect than a shot from a child's pop-gun would have on the skin of an elephant."

The talented violin-player, Mdlle. Thérèse-Castellan, gave a concert at the Erard Rooms, Paris, on Sunday evening.

SHOOTING GREBE ON LAKE GENEVA.



of the Guards from Windsor. At noon the deer Eau de Vie was uncared on Farnham-common, near the "yew tree," and piloted the field over a good hunting country to Penn Wood, where it hung about for some time, and then gave a dodging run to the Thames, being captured at the Oak Ferry, near Marlow. The first part of the run up to Penn Wood was very fast, and occupied an hour and a half, the run altogether being considered first class. The hounds did not reach the Ascot kennels before late in the evening. The meet on Friday was to be at White Waltham, at twelve o'clock, and on Tuesday it will be at Sam Vallis's, the Royal Hotel, Slough.

As Colonel G. B. Harran, Assistant Adjutant-General at Aldershot, was returning last Saturday from a hunt, his horse fell, and the gallant officer sustained a fracture of the collar-bone.

The Drama.

The dramatic events of the week have been unusually numerous for this advanced period of the Lenten season, generally the dullest in the theatrical world. On Saturday flickered out at the Surrey, Grecian, and Britannia the last remnants of the pantomimes, and the season at Hengler's Circus was brought to a conclusion.

The only two morning performances on Saturday were repetitions of *The Stranger* at the Gaiety matinée, and *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Opéra Comique.

In the evening two theatres, the Royalty and Victoria, were reopened; a new drama, by Mr. Robert Reece, was produced at the Duke's, under the title of *An Old Man*; and changes were made in the programmes of the Gaiety and Criterion Theatres.

THE Royalty reopened under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston, with a new comic opera entitled *Pom*, composed and written by Signor Bucalossi. Mr. John Aubrey, the lessee of the Elephant and Castle Theatre, is the new proprietor, and Miss Marie Henderson the directress of the Victoria, where the principal attraction on the opening night, last Saturday, was the tragedy of *Richard III*, with Mr. Pennington as the King and Miss Henderson as the Queen.

At the Gaiety *Tottles* has been displaced in the evening's programme by Mr. Byron's domestic drama, *Uncle Dick's Darling*, with Mr. Toole in his original character of the generous-hearted Cheap Jack, Dick Dolland. At the afternoon performance on Tuesday *Tottles* and *The Spelling Bee* were represented.

At the Criterion *Paul Pry*, with Mr. Lionel Brough as the intrusive hero, has been substituted for *Loyalty*.

THREE notable benefits have taken place during the week. On Monday afternoon most of the leading artistes from the Gaiety, Olympic, Strand, and Opéra Comique Theatres assisted at Mr. J. A. Cave's testimonial benefit at the Globe, where also a morning performance of *Jo* took place on Thursday for the benefit of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School; and Drury Lane was specially reopened for a complimentary benefit to Mr. James Guiver (for several years treasurer to the theatre, and subsequently lessee of the Prince of Wales's and Holborn) on Wednesday evening, when, in addition to *A Happy Pair* by Miss Gainsborough and Mr. Osmond Tearle, Sheridan's *School for Scandal* was represented and supported by a very strong cast, including Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Candour, Messrs. Creswick and Hermann Vezin as Joseph and Charles Surface and Mr. John Clarke as Moses.

To-DAY'S morning performance will comprise Mr. Charles Dickens's drama *Dot and Our Clerks* at the Gaiety matinée, in which Mr. Toole, Miss Farren, Miss Loseby, and Miss Carlisle will appear; *All for Her* at the St. James's, *Piff Paff* at the Criterion; at the Opéra Comique, in addition to *Crazed* and *Trial by Jury*, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Cox and Box* will be revived.

SANGER'S Amphitheatre (late Astley's) is to open this afternoon as a skating rink.

THE only event announced for to-night is the production of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* at the Haymarket, with Miss Neilson, for the first time in London, as Isabella, Mr. Charles Warner as Claudio, Mr. H. B. Conway as Lucio, Mr. Howe as the Duke, Mr. Charles Harcourt as Angelo, and Mr. Buckstone as Pompey.

MONDAY and Tuesday evenings at the Gaiety will be appropriated for the benefit of Mr. Toole, whose engagement is drawing to a close, as he leaves to fulfil provincial engagements at Easter, when he will be succeeded at the Gaiety by Mr. Charles Mathews, who will reappear in *My Awful Dad*. On both Monday and Tuesday evenings, in addition to *The Steeplechase*, and *The Spelling Bee*, the programme will comprise a revival of *Wig and Gown*, in each of which Mr. Toole will sustain his original part, and Mr. Arthur Cecil his original part of the Judge in the latter.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A new series of standard comedies, again under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, commenced last Tuesday, when Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* was produced, supported by Mr. Phelps and the Gaiety company. The new series will be continued each Tuesday and Thursday up to the end of April, and will comprise the following plays:—Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* and *Comedy of Errors* (which was warmly received on the occasion of its revival in December last), John Tobin's *Honeymoon*, Charles Reade's *Ladies' Battle* (in consequence of its great success in the last series), Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep*, and W. S. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea* (first time). The following eminent artistes have been engaged:—Messrs. Phelps, Lionel Brough, Chas. Collette, George Temple, E. Royce, R. Soutar, Ed. Price, J. Maclean, A. Matthison, H. Standing, W. H. Leigh, B. Egan, William Rignold, Younge, Clifford Cooper, Charles Steyne, T. A. Palmer, Charles Harcourt, Harry Paulton, E. Atkins, W. H. Vernon, R. H. Teesdale, W. Belford, and Charles Wyndham; Misses Geneviève Ward, Carlisle, Eleanor Bufton, L. Henderson, Marion West, Eastlake, Emily Cross, Emily Duncan, Helen Ashton, W. H. Leigh, Ed. Price, Emily Vining, Rachael Sanger, Maria Davis, and Mrs. Stirling.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—A second series, consisting of six representations of popular plays, commenced, on March 23, with Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep*, with Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Sternhold and Miss Carlotta Addison and Messrs. Harcourt, Kilpack, and Gresham in the other leading parts. For this second series the artistes engaged include the following:—Misses Carlotta Addison, Maggie Brennan, Fanny Enson, Eleanor Bufton, Rachel Sanger, Everard, Rose Egan, Maria Daly, and Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Compton, Lionel Brough, Charles Harcourt, Harry Crouch, Kilpack, C. W. Granby, T. A. Palmer, C. Steyne, C. E. Creswick, W. D. Gresham, E. S. Willard, William Rignold, Henry Marston, and Mr. Creswick. The following are the dates:—Tuesday, March 28, Colman's comedy, *The Heir-at-Law*—Mr. Compton as Pangloss, Mr. Lionel Brough as Zekiel, Miss Maggie Brennan, &c. Thursday, March 30, Sheridan Knowles's comedy, *The Love Chase*—Mrs. Stirling as the Widow Green, Mr. William Rignold, Mr. Granby, &c. Tuesday, April 4, Mr. Creswick as Hamlet, and Mr. Henry Marston as the Ghost.

Thursday, April 6, *The Spelling Bee* and *Uncle Dick's Darling*, with Mr. Toole, Miss E. Farren, and the Gaiety Theatre Company. Tuesday, April 11, Boucicault's great drama, *The Colleen Bawn*—Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss E. Bufton, Messrs. Wm. Rignold, Marshall, and Philip Day, &c. Thursday, April 13, Byron's successful Comedy, *Tottie*—Mr. Toole, Miss E. Farren, and the Gaiety Company.

COURT THEATRE.

"A SCRAP OF PAPER."

In his revised version of *A Scrap of Paper*—adapted from M. Sardou's famous comedy *Les Pates de Mouches*, and recently revived here—Mr. Palgrave Simpson has transferred the scene of action to England, and correspondingly changed the nationality of the dramatis personae. In nearly all other respects the piece is the same as when first produced at the St. James's Theatre, under Mr. Alfred Wigan's management, in 1861. These alterations are by no means improvements; on the contrary, some of the motives and ideas, being purely French, appear inconsistent under the altered venue, and the improbability of several of the situations and events becomes more apparent than in the original. Nevertheless the revival is likely to prove a great success, due, in the first place, to the great ingenuity and skill with which the long series of amusing complications arising from the efforts to recover a compromising love-letter is made to enchain the attention of the audience through three acts, then to the excellency and completeness of ensemble with which the piece is represented by all concerned; and, finally, to the taste and elegance of the mounting—each of the three scenes in which the action takes place being an unsurpassed gem in costly and appropriate stage decoration. The morning-room at Sir John Ingram's, with its cabinets of bric-a-brac and multitudinous articles of virtù; then Dr. Penguin's library, with its antique furniture, and crowded with rare specimens of natural history, barbaric arms, and other trophies of a savant-traveller; and, finally, the conservatory at Sir John Ingram's. Three such exquisite scenes have rarely been seen on the stage.

The interest of the story circles round a love-letter written by a young lady, on the eve of her marriage to a former admirer, whom it never reached, but still remained in the vase which the lovers had utilised as their post-office. Colonel Blake, the aforesaid admirer, returns after three years' absence to find his former flame the wife of Sir John Ingram. When it transpires that the letter still lies in its secret depository both Lady Ingram and Colonel Blake are desirous of obtaining it; and, after numerous attempts and interruptions, Colonel Blake succeeds in possessing himself of it. Lady Ingram is in dire distress, and is aided by her friend Susan Hartley, who undertakes to outwit the Colonel and recover the letter. Then ensues a friendly contest between this clever lady Miss Hartley and the gallant Colonel. The letter is found by Miss Hartley, who is about to burn it; but she wishes to gain a more triumphant victory over the Colonel, and, abiding her opportunity, nearly succeeds in causing the Colonel to light the lamp with "the scrap of paper;" the burning scrap is thrown out of the window, is picked up by a learned naturalist, who wraps up in it a remarkable specimen of a beetle which he has just found, and places it in the muzzle of his fowling-piece. From here it is taken by a love-sick youth, Archie Hamilton, who writes on the back some tender lines to send to his sweetheart, Lucy Franklin, and sends it by a maid-servant, who delivers it in mistake to Mrs. Penguin, wife of the naturalist. After several complications arising from this mistake, the much-sought-for "scrap of paper" is brought to Sir John Ingram, who burns it, and all cause of anxiety is removed. Susan Hartley has not only outwitted the determined Colonel, but gained his love. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as Colonel Blake and Susan Hartley maintain the contest between them with ease, spirit, and vivacity. Mr. Charles realised the taciturn and somewhat moody Sir John Ingram to the life; and Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Gaston Murray adequately sustain the parts Dr. and Mrs. Penguin. Mr. Hare appears in the small part of the youth, Archie Hamilton, looking marvellously juvenile through his, as usual, artistic make up. Mr. Hare's ability is quite wasted in such a part; but it proves his versatility, and is especially valuable as a wonderful contrast to his impersonation of the irascible and haughty old peer, Lord Kilclare, in *A Quiet Rubber*, which follows the revival.

DUKE'S THEATRE.

"AN OLD MAN."

MR. CRAVEN'S drama *Too True* was displaced here on Saturday night by a new play in two acts, by Mr. Robert Reece, under the title of *An Old Man*. In both these two pieces the respective authors have essayed entirely new ground to that with which their names have been associated, but in neither case will the more ambitious flight enhance the reputation which each has successfully achieved in his particular line of dramatic composition—Mr. Craven, with his touching domestic dramas, and Mr. Reece with his burlesques and humorous pieces of "absurdity." *An Old Man* is a one-part play, written evidently for Mr. Righton, and besides betraying the defects of most of such pieces wherein the other characters are so subordinated to the principal one as to be reduced to mere ciphers, has the further faults in the want of skill and delay in bringing about the dénouement, which was palpable at a very early stage of the action. The hero is a retired Sergeant-Major, Stephen Hale, who, although an octogenarian, fancies himself still juvenile and active. Irascible and imperious, he, like the *centenaire*, rules his household like a martinet, and can bear no opposition. His better qualities, however, endear him to his household, comprising his great-granddaughter Fanny (Miss Minnie Lindley), a brusque and outspoken housekeeper, Anne Brown (Miss M. Daly), and a protégée, Minnie (Miss Louisa Moore), about whom hangs some mystery. The Sergeant-Major has a great-grandson, Lieutenant Grant, whom he idolises, and who the old man determines shall marry his great-granddaughter. Fanny, however, has a lover of her own choice already, in the person of James Sellars (Mr. E. Danvers). Minnie is about to confide her mysterious secret to old Hale, who mistakenly jumps to the conclusion from her hesitation that it is an avowal of love for him, and he seems ready enough to accept her for his wife. But before she can proceed with her story the interview is interrupted by the arrival of a visitor named Dornton (Mr. D. Evans), an old soldier and former comrade of Hale, who tells him his sad tale of his loved daughter, who he believed had committed suicide. She had been betrayed, as he relates, by a supposed artist named Warde, and his upbraids had caused her to fly her home. It at once becomes apparent to the audience that Minnie is the daughter mourned by Dornton, and the artist Warde was no other than Stephen Hale's great-grandson, Lieutenant Grant—a conclusion immediately confirmed when the young soldier soon after enters and is recognised by Dornton as the artist Warde. Then ensues a really fine dramatic situation, which terminates the first act. The veteran Sergeant-Major, who had already expressed his abhorrence of the betrayer of innocence, now vehemently curses his pre-

viously-loved great-grandchild, tears the medal he had so gloriously won from his breast, strikes him with his stick, and, overcome with excitement, falls down in a state of insensibility. In the second act poor old Hale is in a melancholy state of feebleness, mental and bodily. Minnie succeeds in relating her story to him, and from this it appears that the young soldier, Grant, was no betrayer at all; that he had secretly married her; and the final reconciliation is brought about by her little son, who enters in full uniform, puts the old Sergeant-Major through the manual exercise, and orders him to do justice to and be reconciled to his great-grandson and his wife Minnie. The commands are cheerfully obeyed by the strict disciplinarian, who also gives his consent to the union of Sellars and Fanny. The main idea of the drama is sufficiently good, but it is unskillfully treated and too diffuse in its development. There are no reasons assigned for Lieutenant Blake adopting an alias—for his private marriage and keeping it secret, with such dire consequences, from his wife's father. Neither does it appear how Minnie became an inmate of old Hale's house. Nor is her position there comprehensible, for while she is petted and treated as an equal by the veteran soldier she is snubbed and ordered arrogantly about by the impudent housekeeper. Mr. Righton, though a little hard and artificial, gives an excellent representation of the irascible old military martinet during the first act, but the pathos required for the emotion of the second act would seem to be beyond his reach, and, consequently, there was little sympathy excited. Miss Louisa Moore seems to become more lachrymose in style with each new assumption; but she has not much to do as Minnie. Miss M. Daly exaggerates a little the part of the housekeeper, Anne Brown. Messrs. Macklin and Evans adequately represented Lieutenant Grant and Old Dornton. The whimsical absurdity *A Tale of a Tub*, and Mr. Burnand's burlesque *On the Rink*, retain their places in the current programme. Mr. Mowbray's benefit is fixed for next Saturday, when the Royalty burlesque of *The Military Billy Taylor* will be revived, Miss M. Oliver appearing in her original character.

HER Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duchess of Teck, attended the opening night of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, on Tuesday evening.

SIGNOR ROSSI, the Italian tragedian, will make his first appearance before an English audience at Drury Lane, on Wednesday fortnight, the 19th inst. His engagement is under the joint directorate of Messrs. Chatterton and Hollingshead, and his opening piece will be *Hamlet*, to be followed by *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and, in all probability, *Romeo and Juliet*.

A NEW COMEDIETTA, by Mr. E. Princep, has been accepted by Mr. Hare for the Court Theatre.

MR. AND MRS. BANDMANN will appear in the drama of *Narcisse* at the afternoon performance, on Wednesday next, at the Gaiety.

MR. PHELPS will appear as Richelieu in Lord Lytton's celebrated play at the Gaiety matinée next Saturday.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY, Mr. Burnand's agent and acting manager at the Duke's Theatre, takes his benefit there on Saturday evening next, when Miss M. Oliver will appear in Mr. Burnand's famous Royalty burlesque, *A Military Billy Taylor*.

A TESTIMONIAL-BENEFIT is being organised in recognition of the long and useful services of the popular and veteran dramatist, actor, and manager, Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone, to take place at Drury Lane Theatre on Thursday, May 18, when it is intended that Sheridan's *School for Scandal* will be represented with an unprecedentedly strong cast, which will include Miss Helen Faust and Mr. Henry Irving.

SIGNOR SALVINI is performing in the provinces with signal success. He will appear later in the season in London, where he will impersonate, for the first time, the character of Macbeth.

MISS FANNY GLOVER, a granddaughter of the late celebrated Mrs. Glover, is to succeed Mrs. Mellon as Gretchen, in *Rip Van Winkle*, at Easter.

MR. CHELTNAMAN'S amusing comedy, *A Lesson in Love*, reached its hundredth representation, since its revival at the Strand, on Thursday evening.

THE theatre at the Westminster Aquarium is expected to be opened at Easter—when *Jo*, it is said, will be transferred there from the Globe.

Madame Angot will be represented at the Opéra Comique the whole of next week.

MR. HOWARD PAUL gives his new Spelling Bee entertainment at the Alexandra Palace on Friday, March 31, and this (Saturday) afternoon. This novelty has all the brightness and attractiveness of an entertaining drawing-room piece, with none of the dulness of an ordinary Spelling Bee.

At the Duke's Theatre, on Saturday next, April 8, *The Poor Gentleman*, the burlesque of *The Military Billy Taylor*, and the farce of *A Tale in a Tub*, will be performed for the benefit of Mr. Thomas Mowbray (the acting manager) and of Mr. R. L. Davies, the box-office keeper.

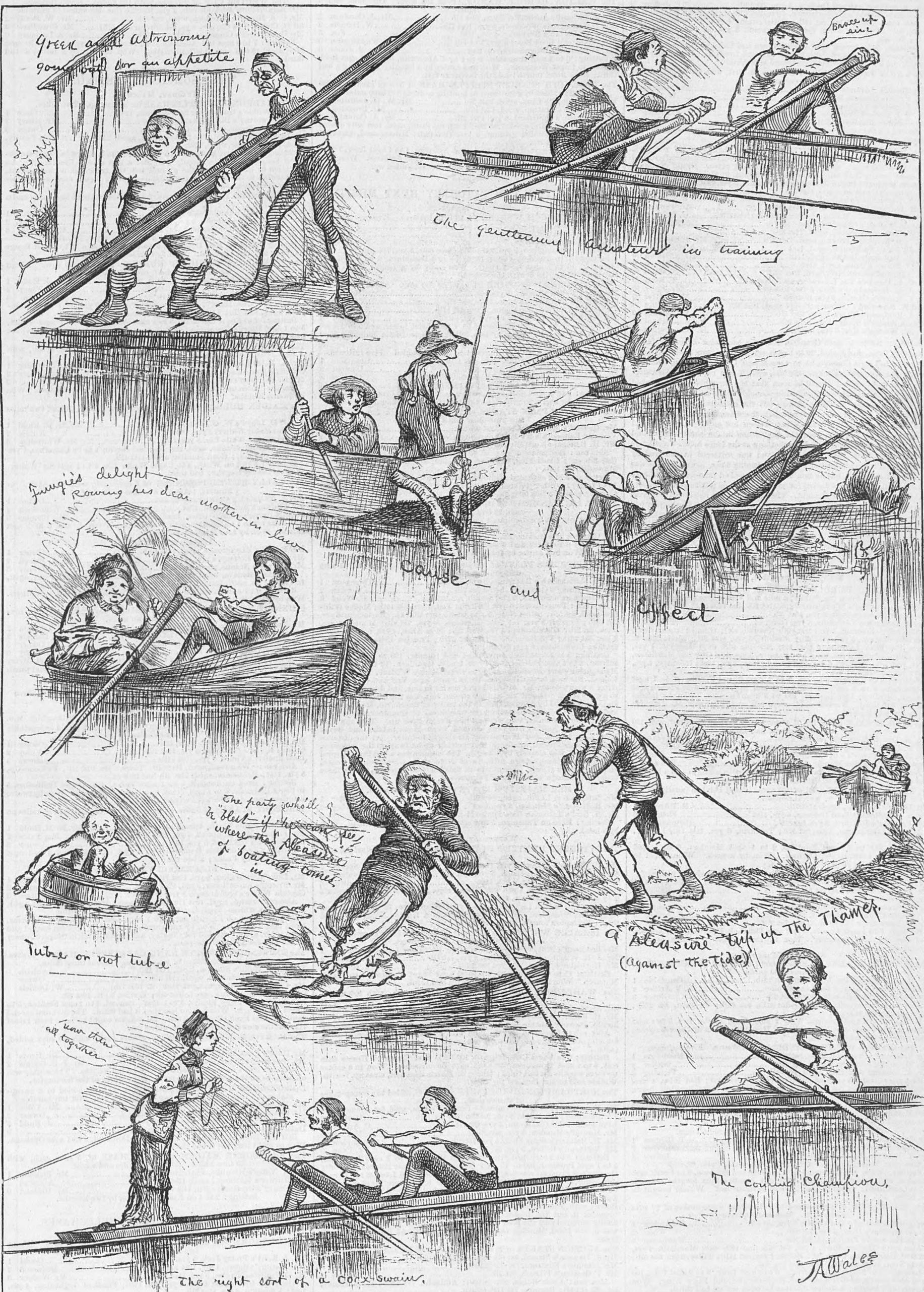
A BENEFIT, which was at once an expression of public friendship for a popular favourite, and a testimonial of regard on the part of a large number of shareholders in the Alhambra to their late zealous Manager, took place at the Globe Theatre last Monday afternoon. Almost every part of the house was crowded by the numerous friends of Mr. J. Arnold Cave, and each performance was keenly relished, Miss Jennie Lee being applauded with especial heartiness for her artistic Dutch scena, Miss Eliza Johnstone and Mr. W. J. Hill eliciting much laughter in the popular farce of *Crazed*, and Mr. Cave himself and Miss Nellie Farren, in *Mr. and Mrs. White*, ending the programme in a right merry fashion, the popular comédienne of the Gaiety being chic as ever, and Mr. Cave showing that his tongue has lost none of its cunning in the brisk rendering of patter songs.

THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT PALACE.

This is the name to be given to a new Palace of the People to be erected on the banks of the Thames, near Battersea Park. The details of this forthcoming place of amusement were explained on Saturday last by Mr. Roebuck, M.P., at a banquet given at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich, to a number of gentlemen, including Sir Frederick Perkins, M.P., Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., Major O'Gorman, M.P., Mr. J. Orrell Lever, and several other public men, presided over by Captain Pelly, R.N., in the absence of the Duke of Teck, who wrote very favourably of the new undertaking. Mr. Roebuck said the projected Victoria and Albert Palace would offer the usual attractions of concerts, flower shows, picture-galleries, and exhibitions of art and science, and, in addition, the special advantage of a sea-water bath; and the hon. member for Sheffield also announced that arrangements had been made by which people would be taken from London Bridge or Hammersmith to Battersea and back for sixpence, which will include admission to the palace. We are further told that the whole of the capital for the enterprise is secured; and a deputation is shortly to wait on the Government to ask for permission to construct the palace on the site.

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Racing Past.

LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING (Concluded).

FRIDAY, THE GRAND NATIONAL DAY.

The NETHERTON HANDICAP of 100 sovs. Canal Point in (nearly six furlongs).
 Mr. T. Hughes's Laird of Glenorchy, by Bredalbane—Lady of the Forest, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb Morgan 1
 Mr. A. Johnson's Grand Duchess, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb F. Jeffery 2
 Mr. James Brophy's Herbertstown, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb F. Archer 3
 Also ran: Anita, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb; Satisfaction, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb; Sinecure, 5 yrs, 8st; Blaydon, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb; Lyceum, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb; Cantaloup, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb.
 Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Herbertstown and Laird of Glenorchy, 5 to 1 agst Sinecure, 6 to 1 agst Cantaloup, 8 to 1 agst Lyceum. Won easily by a length and a half; same between second and third.

The UNION JACK STAKES of 20 sovs each, 10ft, with 200 added. About one mile.

Mr. Gomm's Advance, 8st 12lb Goater 1
 Mr. Vyner's Ormele, 8st 5lb W. Platt 2
 Mr. Johnstone's Coquetdale, 8st 5lb G. Cooke 3
 Mr. T. T. Drake's Professor, 8st 5lb F. Archer 0
 Mr. Jolliffe's Bendigo, 8st 5lb Bruckshaw 0
 Betting: 2 to 1 on Advance, 5 to 1 agst any other. Won in a canter by a length, three between second and third.

The GRAND NATIONAL STEEPECHASE (handicap) of 500 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and 5 if declared; second received 100 sovs; third saved twice; winners extra. Grand National Course (nearly four miles and a half). 77 subs, 21 of whom declared. Captain Machell's Regal, by Saunterer—Regalia, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb J. Cannon 1
 Mr. Gomm's Congress, aged, 11st 3lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 2
 Mr. J. Nightingall's Shifnal, aged, 10st 13lb (inc 10lb ex) R. P. Anson 3
 M. H. Baltazzi's Defence, aged, 11st 11lb Mr. Thomas 0
 Mr. John Goodliff's Master Mowbray, aged, 11st 11lb G. Holman 0
 Captain Machell's Chandos, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb J. Jewitt 0
 Sir W. Nugent's Clonave, aged, 11st 5lb G. Gavin 0
 Mr. C. B. Brooke's Phryne, aged, 11st 3lb Mr. J. Goodwin 0
 Mr. H. Bird's Pathfinder, aged, 11st W. Reeves 0
 Mr. H. Baltazzi's Jackal, aged, 11st G. Marsh 0
 Mr. G. Brown's Palm, aged, 11st Mr. Barnes 0
 Mr. Appleton's Gamebird, aged, 10st 12lb Owner 0
 Mr. C. E. Hawke's The Liberator, aged, 10st 11lb T. Ryan 0
 Mr. J. M. Richardson's Zero, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb Mr. Rolly 0
 Mr. T. Smyth's Gazelle, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb Mr. Flutter 0
 Lord M. Beresford's Chimney Sweep, aged, 10st 8lb Jones 0
 Mr. J. Robinson's Thysa, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb W. Daniels 0
 Captain Bayley's Spray, 6 yrs, 10st 2lb T. Cunningham 0
 Mr. W. Weston's Rye, 6 yrs, 10st G. Waddington 0

Betting: 100 to 30 agst Chandos, 100 to 8 each agst Defence, Master Mowbray, Palm, and Jackal, 20 to 1 each agst Phryne, Zero, Pathfinder, and Thysa, 22 to 1 agst Clonave, 25 to 1 each agst Congress, Regal, Chimney Sweep, and Rye, 100 to 3 agst Shifnal, and 40 to 1 each agst Gamebird, Liberator, and Gazelle. It will be seen that the three placed each started at 25 to 1. All may appear plain-sailing enough at the point illustrated by Mr. John Sturgess—Beecher's Brook—but the casualties of the race were as numerous as ever, Clonave refusing the second fence, and Gazelle and Palm the third. All the other sixteen got safely over the Stand water jump, but Thysa refused the first fence in the country the second time, while Spray was stopped for something at the fence before Valentine's Brook, second time. The hope of Ireland was scattered to the wind by Liberato falling when leading; and Zero coming down next, Chandos was the only favourite left, but he tumbled also at the last fence but one, whence it looked almost odds on Jackal for some time, so well was he going in front; but he was beaten in the straight. The finish between Regal and Congress was remarkably close and exciting, Regal heading Congress in the last few strides, and winning one of the closest Grand National contests ever known by a neck only. Shifnal, though beaten three lengths for second place, ran remarkably well, and the same may be said of Chimney Sweep and Rye. The last two were fourth and fifth respectively. Jackal was sixth and Master Mowbray seventh. Then came Phryne, Pathfinder, and Defence, Palm, who joined in with the second round, cantering in with this lot. Time, 11min 14 sec. Net value of the stakes, £1510.

The PALATINE HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each starter, with 200 added. From the Stables, a mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Captain G. Stirling's Whitebait, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (inc 14lb ex) W. Reeves 1
 Mr. Cotton's Packington, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb Mr. Goodwin 2
 Mr. H. Robertson's Juvenus, 5 yrs, 11st T. Ryan 3

Also ran:—Emerald, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb (inc 10lb ex); Grand Flaneur, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb; Shallow, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb; Florinel, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb; Burle March, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb; Licorice, 6 yrs, 11st 3lb (inc 10lb ex); Leveret, 4 yrs, 10st 13lb; Rubylas, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb; Catseye, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb; Bay Middleton, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb; Bashful, 6 yrs, 10st 3lb; Lytton, 4 yrs, 10st; Inchcape, 4 yrs, 10st; Ella, aged, 10st 9lb.

Betting: 4 to 1 agst Whitebait, 6 to 1 agst Grand Flaneur, 7 to 1 agst Packington, 8 to 1 each agst Florinel and Inchcape, 100 to 12 each agst Catseye, Shallow, and Leveret, 100 to 8 agst Emerald. Won by a half length; bad third. Bashful and Catseye fell on the far side, Mr. Dalglish being severely injured.

The MARCH SALE STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund, with 150 added. Straight half-mile.

Mr. M. Dawson's Segura, 7st 3lb (£100) F. Archer 1
 Mr. F. Bates' Extinguisher, 7st 10lb (£100) G. Cooke 2
 Mr. H. F. C. Vyner's c by Distin—Hecate, 7st 3lb Platt 3
 Captain Bayley's Bon Marche, 7st 7lb (£100) Weedon 0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Segura. Won in a canter by a length and a half; a bad third. Winner sold to Captain Machell for 280gs.

The HIGHTOWER PLATE of 100 sovs. Canal Point in (nearly six furlongs).

Mr. Digby's Xanthus, aged, 11st 7lb R. P. Anson 1
 Mr. A. Johnston's Grand Duchess, 4 yrs, 11st Fletcher 2
 Mr. T. Green's Moorhen, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb Bruckshaw 3

Also ran:—Cantaloup, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb; Tricotrin, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb, Birbeck, 5 yrs, 11st.

Betting: 100 to 60 agst Xanthus, 2 to 1 agst Moorhen, 6 to 1 agst Tricotrin, 8 to 1 agst Grand Duchess. Won by a neck. Winner sold to Mr. A. Johnson for 200gs.

The PAYNE'S PLATE of 200 sovs. Canal Point in (nearly six furlongs).

Mr. Johnstone's Red Cap Sly, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb Macdonald 1
 Mr. Vyner's Robin, 4 yrs, 7st 1lb Baines 2

Mr. Ellerton's Ursula, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (inc 14lb ex) Constable 3
 Mr. T. Green's Aragon, 6 yrs, 8st Bruckshaw 0

Mr. Wadlow's Instantly, 6 yrs, 7st 13lb F. Archer 0
 Mr. D. Lawrence's The Shah, 5 yrs, 7st 2lb C. Archer 0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Ursula, 5 to 2 agst The Shah, 5 to 1 each agst Aragon, Red Cap Sly, and Instantly. Won by three lengths; a neck between second and third.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25.

The STARKIE STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5ft, with 200 added. Three furlongs 100 yards.

Mr. Somersetshire's Pulchra (£100), 7st 13lb Constable 1
 Lord Stamford's Lady of the Lea, 9st 5lb F. Archer 2
 Mr. Barlow's Hesperia colt (£100), 8st 2lb Glover 3

Also ran:—Broomwell, 8st 2lb; Kilmartin, 8st 12lb; Division, 7st 13lb; Pernambuco, 8st 2lb.

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Pulchra, 5 to 2 agst Lady of the Lea, 5 to 1 agst Division, 7 to 1 each agst Hesperia and Hesperia. Won by three lengths; four between second and third.

The CROSBY WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs. Five furlongs.

Mr. Beadman's Prophete, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb Newhouse 1
 Mr. M'Caffrey's Sinecure, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb Barlow 2

Mr. A. Johnson's Zanthus, aged, 10st 2lb Fletcher 3

Also ran:—Anita, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb; Blaydon, 4 yrs, 9st; Red Rose, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb; Juliet, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb; Mainmast, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb; Bendigo, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Anita, 4 to 1 agst Prophete, 5 to 1 each agst Bendigo and Mainmast, 10 to 1 agst Sinecure. Won by three lengths; one between second and third.

The FORMBY PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs.

Mr. Bryson's Lyceum, 3 yrs (£50) T. Cannon 1
 Mr. A. Johnson's Grand Duchess, 4 yrs (£50) Fletcher 2
 Mr. T. Brown's Division, 2 yrs (£50) Jeffery 3

Also ran:—Monk, 5 yrs, Cavalier, 2 yrs; Tricotrin, 6 yrs.

Betting: Even on Lyceum, 5 to 1 agst Grand Duchess, 6 to 1 each agst Division and Tricotrin. Won easily by a length; four lengths between second and third; Tricotrin fourth, and Cavalier last. Winner bought in for 250gs.

The SPRING CUP of £300, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10ft. Mile and a quarter.

Captain Machell's Lady Patricia, 5 yrs, 7st 8lb F. Archer 1
 Mr. J. Dawson's Lacy, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb C. Wood 2
 Mr. A. Barwood's Peto, aged, 8st 1lb Newhouse 3

Also ran:—Herbertstown, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb (inc 12lb ex); Mandarin, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb; Fairy King, 4 yrs, 7st; Robin, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb; Tilley, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb; Uncle Tom, aged, 6st 5lb; Instep, 4 yrs, 6st.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Lady Patricia, 3 to 1 agst Lacy, 9 to 2 agst Peto, 10 to 12 agst Instep, 10 to 1 each agst Herbertstown and Fairy King. Won cleverly by a length; a similar distance between second and third.

The SEFTON STEEPECHASE of £300, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 5 sovs for starters. Two miles and three quarters.

Mr. Appleton's Gamebird, aged, 11st 2lb Owner 1
 Lord Downe's Earl Marshal, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb Major 2
 Captain Machell's Daniel, 5 yrs, 11st Jewitt 3

Also ran: Highland Mary, aged, 10st 9lb; Peter Simple, aged, 10st 9lb; Azov, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb; Purity, aged, 10st 5lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Daniel, 3 to 1 agst Peter Simple, 4 to 1 agst Gamebird, 6 to 1 agst Highland Mary. Won by a length; Daniel a bad third; and the others walked past the post.

The WALTON HURDLE HANDICAP of 100 sovs. One mile and a half.

Mr. J. Richard's Anchorite, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb Mr. J. Goodwin 1
 Mr. D. Lawrence's Woodcote, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb W. Daniels 2
 Mr. J. B. Oerton's Keepsake, 4 yrs, 10st Fox 3

Mr. G. Oliver's Rock Rose, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb G. Waddington 0
 Mr. F. Gretton's Bragance, 5 yrs, 10st J. Jones 3

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Bragance, 2 to 1 agst Anchorite, 100 to 30 agst Rock Rose, 4 to 1 agst Woodcote. Won in a canter by a length; Keepsake a bad third; Rock Rose, fourth; and the favourite last.

The CROXTETH SCARLET STEEPECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 200 added; ridden by gentlemen in hunting costume. Three miles.

Mr. Scarborough's Lucy, aged, 13st 3lb Mr. W. H. Johnston 1
 Mr. J. Harris's Grattan, aged, 13st 3lb Mr. Brockton 2
 Mr. G. Brown's On Guard, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb Mr. A. Coventry 3

Also ran: Sybarite, aged, 12st 2lb; Empress (h-b), aged, 12st 2lb; Percy, aged, 13st 3lb; Rosalba gelding, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb; Minar, aged, 12st 7lb; Fenian, aged, 12st 7lb.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Minar, 3 to 1 agst Sybarite, 4 to 1 agst Lucy, 7 to 1 agst Rosalba gelding, 8 to 1 agst Grattan, 10 to 1 agst Empress. Won by a length; a bad third; Sybarite fourth; and the rest pulled up.

NORTHAMPTON AND PYTCHELEY HUNT MEETING.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28.

The BUCCLEUCH WELTER PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs.

Mr. P. Price's b by Lady Pearl, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb Morbey 1
 Major Stayplon's Speranza, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb F. Webb 2
 Mr. W. Walling's Patricia, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb F. Jeffery 3

Also ran:—Domiduca, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb; Circe colt, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb.

Betting: 7 to 5 agst Speranza, 75 to 40 agst Domiduca, 6 to 1 agst the Circe colt, 10 to 1 agst Lady Pearl. Won easily by a length and a half, Patricia four lengths behind the second.

The NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CUP, value 300 sovs. About one mile.

Mr. Howett's b by Lady Pearl, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb Morbey 1
 Count F. de Lagrange's Picnic, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb Glover 2
 Sir G. Chetwynd's Lizzie Distin, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb Morgan 3
 Mr. Mitchell-Innes's Saint Leger, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb C. Wood 4

Betting: 11 to 8 agst Munden, 3 to 1 agst Saint Leger, and 5 to 1 agst each of the others. Won by two lengths, Lizzie Distin finishing four lengths behind Picnic.

A SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. Five furlongs.

Mr. Longhurst's b by Sultan, aged, 9st 11lb (£250) Constable 1
 Mr. T. Stevens's Miss Croft, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb (£50) Cannon 2
 Mr. T. Jennings's Meerschaum, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (£250) Hartley 3
 Lord Hartington's Circ colt, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb (£50) J. Goater 4

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Sultan, and 5 to 2 each agst Miss Croft and the Circ colt. Won by half a length; Miss Croft beating Meerschaum by a neck.

The ALTHORP PARK STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 300 added; for two years. Half a mile.

Mr. Q. East's b by Rosy Cross, 8st 6lb Constable 1
 Viscount Falmouth's b by Sultan, aged, 9st 11lb (£250) Morbey 1
 Mr. H. Baltazzi's b by Midlothian, 9st 5lb (inc 7lb ex) Parry 2

Also ran:—Regimentstochter, 8st 9lb; Bruce, 8st 12lb; Plaisante, 8st 9lb (inc 3lb ex); Black Flag, 8st 9lb; Linkman, 8st 9lb; Pibroch, 8st 9lb; Muscadin, 8st 12lb.

Betting: 5 to 2 each agst Midlothian and Bruce, 4 to 1 agst Rosy Cross, 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won easily by four lengths, Kitty Sprightly securing second place by a head.

The ST. LIZ HANICAP of 100 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10ft. About one mile.

Mr. Westbourne's b by Genuine, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb C. Wood 1
 Lord Rosebery's b by Seyid, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb C. Archer 2
 Mr. Cotton's b by Packington, 5 yrs, 8st F. Archer 3

Betting: 6 to 4 (at first 5 to 2) on Genuine, and 4 to 1 agst each of the others. Won in a canter by twelve lengths.

EARL SPENCER'S PLATE of 200 sovs, added to a Handicap of 15 sovs each, 10ft. Five furlongs.

Mr. H. Baltazzi's b by Rosyante, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb Thompson 1
 Mr. T. Jennings's Guntock, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb Mordan 2
 Mr. Trentham's Gunner, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb C. Wood 3

Also ran:—Poursuivant, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb; Vril, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; Madge Wildfire, aged, 8st 5lb; Sweet Note, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (inc 6lb ex); Marvelous 6 yrs, 7st 10lb; Repeat, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb; Gilestone, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb; Mousquetaire, 3 yrs, 7st

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Surprise, 3 to 1 agst Susan, and 4 to 1 each agst Pretty Jock and Vibration. Won by a length; a bad third.

The TALLY-HOO STAKES OF 30 sovs. About three miles and a half. Mr. Owen's Penelope, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. R. Humble 1 Mr. H. Baker's Dick Darling, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (car 1st 11lb) Owner 1 Mr. F. A. C. Amcott's The Wren, aged, 11st 7lb Mr. Culver + Mr. J. Bell's Sybil, aged, 11st 6lb Mr. J. Dobbin 4 Also ran: View Holla, 5 yrs, 13st; Polly, aged, 13st; Mr. C. Denny's g by Gamebird, 5 yrs, 13st; Dangan, 6 yrs, 13st (car 13st 1b); Princess, aged, 11st 6lb; The Dodger, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb; The Sting, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb; Majesty, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb; Granny Castle, aged, 11st 7lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Majesty and Dick Darling, 6 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by four lengths, Dick Darling and The Wren running a dead heat for second place.

The CURRAGHMORE PLATE of 200 sovs. About three miles. Mr. St. James's b m Melitta, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb Owner 1 Major Brown's Scots Grey, aged, 12st Mr. G. Moore 2 Mr. S. G. Barry's Eau de Vie, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb D. Canavan 3 Also ran: Abercorn, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb; Gaslight, aged, 10st (car 10st 1lb).

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Scots Grey, 2 to 1 agst Melitta, 4 to 1 each agst Eau de Vie and Gaslight, 20 to 1 agst Abercorn. Won by a head, half a length separating second and third.

The CARRIGTRUS PLATE of 40 sovs. Three miles. Mr. J. Wedder's chg Jackal, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb Owner 1 Mr. Owen's chg True Blue, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb Lord M. Beresford 2 Mr. Walsh's b c Castletown, 4 yrs, 11st Mr. T. E. Murphy 3

Betting: 6 to 4 each agst True Blue and Jackal, 4 to 1 agst Castletown. Won easily by five lengths; a bad third.

The KNOCKBRACK PLATE of 60 sovs. About two miles and a half. Mr. Fanning's Grantstown, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb D. Canavan 1 Mr. Hume's St. Lucius, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb W. Bell 2 Mr. Murphy's Sobersides, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb (car 10st 9lb) Owner 3

Also ran: June Wine, aged, 12st; Phoenix, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb; The Duke, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb; En Avant, aged, 10st 6lb.

Betting: Even on Grantstown, 3 to 1 agst June Wine, 5 to 1 agst Sir Lucius. Won easily by five lengths; a bad third.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S FARMERS' PLATE of 30 sovs. About two miles and a half. Mr. M. Murphy's Susan, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb Redmond 1

Mr. N. Kirby's Girl of the Glen, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb Mr. Power 2

Mr. McGuire's Surprise, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. J. Wedder 3

Also ran: Pretty Jack, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb; Flash of Lightning, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Pretty Jack, 3 to 1 agst Surprise, 4 to 1 agst Susan. Won by a length; Surprise a good third. Pretty Jack fell.

The FOXHUNTERS' PLATE of 48 sovs. About three miles. Mr. F. A. C. Amcott's View Holla, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. St. James 1

Mr. Fanning's Woman's Rights, 6 yrs, 12st 8lb G. Humble 2

Mr. Owen's True Blue, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. R. Humble 3

Also ran: Waterford, 5 yrs, 12st; M.P., aged, 12st; Jackal, 5 yrs, 12st.

Betting: 7 to 4 agst View Holla, 5 to 2 agst Jackal, 5 to 1 agst Woman's Rights. Won easily by two lengths; a bad third; M.P. fourth.

The KILMOYLAN PLATE of 180 sovs. About two miles and a half. Mr. G. Moore's Miss Theo, aged, 11st 4lb Almack 1

Mr. Creagh's Tambouri, aged, 11st 8lb T. Miller 2

Mr. Barry's Eau de Vie, 6 yrs, 12st D. Canavan 3

Also ran: Gaslight, aged, 11st 3lb; Sobersides, 6 yrs, 10st.

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Miss Theo, 5 to 2 agst Eau de Vie, 3 to 1 agst Tambouri. Won in a canter.

The BALLYDURN PLATE of 50 sovs. About two miles. Mr. Moore's June Wine, aged, 11st 12lb (£100) Mr. G. Moore 1

Mr. T. Wedder's b m Phoenix, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb (£100) Owner 2

Mr. Iver's The Duke, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb (£100) P. Meany 3

Also ran: Grey Gow, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb (£100); Little John, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb (£100).

Betting: 5 to 4 on June Wine, 3 to 1 agst Phoenix. Won by four lengths; a bad third.

The WHOO-WHOOP PLATE of 25 sovs. About two miles. Mr. Hume's b Sir Lucius, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb W. Bell 1

Mr. J. R. Atkins's Hooton, 6 yrs, 12st J. Bell 2

Mr. Kirby's Girl of the Glen, 6 yrs, 11st Redmond 3

Betting: 6 to 4 on Sir Lucius, even agst Hooton, 4 to 1 agst Girl of the Glen. Won easily by two lengths; a bad third.

AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASES.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26.

THERE were more people than usual at the Auteuil Steeplechases last Sunday, for not only was the weather fine, though not sunshiny, but it was known that Marshal MacMahon would be present. The Marshal, who was accompanied by Generals de Cissey, de Ladmirault, d'Abzac, and MM. Léon Say, Waddington, and Teisserenc de Bort, did not leave the tribune till the end.

PRIX DE MADRID STEEPELCHASE. Distance about 2500 mètres. M. Maccey's Figurant, 60 kilos Sumners 1 M. Comte de St. Sauver's Ventriole, 71 kilos Thorp 2 Baron Finot's Magicienne, 67 kilos Page 3

Unplaced: Amural. Won by a short head; four lengths between second and third.

PRIX D'ISSY STEEPELCHASE. Distance about 3000 mètres.

Baron Finot's Courreuse de Nuit, 81 kilos Page 1

M. Andre's Marmot, 64 kilos Edwards 2

Won easily.

PRIX DE BOULOGNE STEEPELCHASE HANDICAP. Distance about 3000 mètres.

Mr. Page's Duquesne, 61 kilos Edwards 1

Comte de St. Sauver's Ventriole, 61 kilos Mortimer 2

Comte de St. Sauver's Mascara, 68 kilos Thorp 3

Unplaced: Duguesclin, Vichlyn, Capitole, and Marche Mal. Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

MILITARY HURDLE-RACE, ridden by officers of the French army, in uniform. Distance, about 2400 mètres.

Capitaine Dupré's (2nd Chasseurs) Forte Engueule Owner 1

Capitaine de la Jarrie's (3rd Chasseurs) Sourette Owner 2

Lieutenant Decazes's (3rd Cuirassiers) Topaze M. Cler 3

Nine horses unplaced. A capital race. Won by a neck; a bad third.

PRIX DU CHEMIN DE FEU HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE. Distance, about 3000 mètres.

M. Barresse's Maravilla, 60 kilos Edwards 1

Comte de St. Sauver's Bolero, 61 kilos Thorp 2

Baron Finot's Triboulet, 70 kilos Page 3

Won by a head; the same between second and third.

LONDON BETTING ON THURSDAY.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

100 to 6 agst Brigg Boy (taken)..

100 to 6 — Victoria (offered; take 20 to 1).

100 to 6 — Thunder (offered; take 20 to 1).

20 to 1 — Red Cap Sly (offered; take 25 to 1).

25 to 1 — Lord Rollo (taken).

25 to 1 — St. Leger (offered).

33 to 1 — Murmurbridge (taken).

TWO THOUSAND.

90 to 20 — Petrarch (taken).

9 to 2 — Kaleidoscope (offered).

10 to 1 — Father Claret (offered).

11 to 1 — Great Tom (offered).

100 to 8 — Julius Caesar (taken and offered).

100 to 7 — Maclstrom (taken).

CHESTER CUP.

100 to 7 agst Ingomar (taken).

100 to 7 — Fraulein (taken).

DERBY.

6 to 1 agst Petrarch (offered; take 7 to 1).

8 to 1 — All Heart (taken and offered).

25 to 1 — Bay Wyndham (offered; take 33 to 1).

BOAT-RACE.

11 to 10 on Cambridge (taken and offered).

SANDOWN PARK offers a very attractive programme this (Saturday) afternoon, when the Household Brigade Grand Military Steeplechases are to come off there. A special train for the members of the Sandown Park Club and their friends will leave Waterloo at twelve minutes past twelve, and the racing is to commence at one o'clock.

BEAUFORT HUNT STEEPELCHASES.—These steeplechases take place on Tuesday, April 4, over Bishop's, a farm near Charlton, Malmesbury.

HEALTH OF LORD WILTON.—We are glad to announce that Lord Wilton has so far recovered that his physician has pronounced him convalescent.

THE ACCIDENT TO MR. DALGLISH.—We are happy to say that Mr. DalGLISH, who met with an accident while riding Bashful in the Palatine Hurdle-Race, on Friday week, at Liverpool, is recovering from the severe injuries he received.

PARIS RACES.—Owing to the excessive rise in the river Seine the race-course on the Bois de Boulogne has been flooded, and will probably be unfit for racing purposes next Sunday. Should such prove to be the case, the sport will take place at Auteuil.

STUD NEWS.

The Durdans, Epsom.—On March 9, Mr. Ellam's bay mare Margery, arrived to Couronne; on the 25th, Mr. Sutcliffe's Zara, a colt by Kildare, and will be put to Couronne de Fer; Mr. Dover's bay mare by Lord Lyon out of Rouge Rose, by Thormanby, arrived to Couronne de Fer. Parafin has been sent to Rosicrucian; and Lord Rosebery's Virginia, in foal to Joskin, to Adventurer.

The Stud Company, Cobham, Surrey.—On March 20, Mr. H. Waring's Alarum, a colt by King of the Forest, and will be put to Carnival; on the 23rd, the Stud Company's Ladylike, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Indian Princess, a colt by Wild Oats, and will be put to Blair Athol; on the 27th, the Stud Company's Eva, a filly by Lord Gough, and will be put to Wild Oats; on the 28th, the Stud Company's Frolicsome, a filly by King of the Forest, and will be put to George Frederick. Arrived to Carnival: on March 15, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Stockwater, in foal to Macaroni; on the 22nd, Mr. W. S. Crawford's Avondale; and Mr. W. Allen's The Garry; on the 29th, Mr. J. T. Mackenzie's Minna Troil filly. Arrived to Wild Oats: on March 29, Mr. J. T. Mackenzie's Foible filly.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, county Durham, July (dam of Vale Royal, Joker, Jollity, Harmonides, Harmony, &c.), by Birdcatcher, a bay colt by Macgregor, and will be put to Idus; Jollity, by Jordan out of July, a bay colt by Siderolite, and will be put to Macgregor; King's Daughter, by King of Trumps, a brown filly by Rake, and will be put to Macgregor. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. W. Brown's Jealousy, by Underhand out of Jealous One (by Melbourne), maiden; Mr. J. II. Robeson's Echo, by Crandom: out of Mrs. Naggleton, in foal to Argyle; Major Cowen's Hawthorne, by Kettledrum, in foal to Moldavia; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Vaccination, by Wild Dayrell out of Lady Lurewell, with colt by Macgregor; Rona, by Lord of the Isles, a colt by Macgregor, and will be put to him again; Miss Tatton, by Neptunes out of Lady Tatton, a colt by Moldavia, and will be put to Macgregor; Loadstar, sister to Gamos (winner of the Oaks), a filly by Mentor.

At Croome Court Farm, March 23, Mr. E. Weever's Lulu, a bay colt by Knight of Kars, and will be put to Umpire. Sir C. Rushout's Cynthia (in foal to The Rake) has also arrived to Umpire.

At Messrs. Barrow's Stud Paddocks, Newmarket, the following mares have arrived to Galopin:—Her Grace (with colt by Victorious), Excalibur (with filly by Saunterer), Lady Rockley (in foal to Saunterer), and Czarina (in foal to D'Estournel).

At the Stud Farm, Tickhill, the Glasgow Stud's Flurry, a colt by Toxophilite; Mr. Greaves's Nudle, a filly by Eripomni; Mr. Botterill's Aurora, a colt by Strathconan; Lord Scarborough's Bugle Note, a colt by Strathconan, and his Révéllée (Bersagliere's dam), dead twins by Strathconan. All the above mares will be put to Strathconan.

At Weston-under-Lizard, on Feb. 17, Black Lily, a bay colt by Lacydes, and has been put to Brown Bread; March 12, Friction, a bay colt by Lacydes, and has been put to Brown Bread. The following have been put to Lacydes:—Belladrum (barren), mare by Gladiateur out of Elspeth (maiden), and Mr. Eyke's Birdlime (barren).

At the Glasgow Stud Farm, near Enfield, on March 4, Glasgow Stud's bay mare by Young Melbourne out of Black Bess, a bay colt by Toxophilite, and put to him again; March 13, Lord Ailesbury's Scrutiny, a brown colt by Young Melbourne, and will be put to Toxophilite; 14th, Glasgow Stud's bay mare by Barbatus out of Brown Bess, a bay filly by Brother to Stratford, and will be put to him again.

At Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, on March 14, Plum, a bay filly by Winslow; 16th, Moula, a bay colt by Siderolite, and will be put to Lord Lyon; 19th, Curiosity, a bay colt by Costa. Arrived to Lord Lyon: Mr. Stevens's Oyster Girl (in foal to Cucumber), the Hon. J. Fiennes's Pietas (in foal to Lord Lyon), Lord Percy's Honey Bee (in foal to Macaroni), and Mr. Lowe's Heart's Delight (in foal to Lord Lyon).

At Neasham Hall Stud Farm, the following have arrived to Palmer: Mr. Well's Inverary (with filly by Palmer); Mr. Newcomen's Starlight by King Tom (with filly by Speculum); Mr. Everitt's Damage (with filly by Paul Jones); Mr. Osborne's Timbrell by Rataplan; Mr. Gee's Lady Augusta; Emily; and Lavinia; Lord Rosslyn's Slumber (in foal to Gladiateur); Rose of Tralee and Vimiera (in foal to Macaroni); Major Bradford's Dried Fruit and mare by St. Albans (in foal to Palmer); Mr. I. Anson's Bonny May, by Newminster; Mr. Thompson's Florida (St. Oswald's dam); the Croft Stud's Letty Long; and Mr. Taplin's Curatrix.

At Coton Stud Farm, Sudbury, Derby, Feb. 4, Mr. J. Gretton's Nevada slipped twins by Nuneham, and is put to him again; his Princess Royal and Saga (both barren) also put to Nuneham; and mare by Adventurer out of Nevada (maiden) to Prince; March 15, Mr. F. Swindell's Lucy Sutton, a chestnut filly by Nuneham, and will be put to him again; March 17, Mr. J. Gretton's Rebecca, by Lord Clifden, a brown filly by Nuneham, and will be put to him again; March 18, his mare by the Duke out of Nevada, a bay filly by Nuneham, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Nuneham: Sir R. Sutton's mare by Lord Lyon out of Village Lass (in foal to Albert Victor).

At Sheffield-lane Paddocks, Sheffield, on March 18, Mr. J. Johnstone's Furze Chat, a bay colt by Macaroni, and will be put to Pretender: 20th, his Fair Melrose, a chestnut colt, by Tynedale, and will be put to Favonius. Arrived to Adventurer: Mr. G. C. Gibson's Clinanthus and his Armistice (both in foal); Mr. J. Osborne's Muddle (in foal to Adventurer), Lord Rosebery's Virginia (in foal to the Earl or Joskin), and Mr. J. Johnstone's Moss Rose (barren). To Mandrake: Mr. Vyner's Fenella, by King Tom (in foal to The Miner); Mr. J. Johnstone's Chilianwallah (barren). To Tynedale: Mr. J. Johnstone's Hawthorn Bloom (barren). Lady Ripon slipped her foal by Mandrake, and will be put to him again.

Coaching.

COACHING, ANCIENT AND MODERN, WITH ANECDOTES OF THE ROAD.
BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

I now proceed to describe the road as it was before panting steeds had given way to puffing engines, iron greys to iron rails, coachmen and guards to stokers, and horseflesh to steam, which has been likened to water in a high state of perspiration. It was early in a morning, in the merry month of May, when I found myself at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, just as the York House coach was starting for Bath. I had previously secured the box seat, and, encased in a double-breasted drab coat, waited the arrival of a noble Duke, then a Marquis, well known to all the best coachmen on the road as a most liberal patron and a first-rate whip himself. "Sorry to have kept you," said the new-comer; "but Swaine only sent home the whip I promised you this morning; you will find it in this narrow deal case." "Allow me to give up my place to you," I said, addressing the Marquis. "Thank you a thousand times," he replied; "I am, unfortunately, engaged. We are going to man my new cutter and pull to the Red House and back." The box was handed up; the dragsman expressed his thanks. "All right behind, gentlemen," he thundered, fingering the ribbons in the plenitude of vehicular importance. Away we went, rattling along the stony pavement of Piccadilly at an awful rate to make up for the lost time. "Nice morning, Sir," said my companion, as we passed through the turnpike-gate that then stood opposite the entrance to the park, near Apsley House. "The flowers are all a-blowing and a-growing." This line he sung, and then continued, "My missus gave me these beautiful violets about an hour ago. 'Sam,' said she, 'I know I can trust you not to give them away to any girls on the road!'" I turned round to admire the bouquet and take a look at the wearer, who fully realised the description of the swell-dragsman immortalised in song by the late Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope. He was a well-dressed, natty-looking fellow, decked out in a neat dark-brown coat, white hat, corduroy breeches, well-polished boots, cloth leggings, and a splendid pair of double-sewn buckskin gloves. A huge pair of whiskers fringed the borders of each cheek, which, shaped like a mutton chop, were (as a costermonger in Knightsbridge irreverently remarked) large enough to pad a cart-saddle. In the course of conversation he invariably indulged the outside passengers with snatches of the popular ditties of the day, "Oh, say not woman's heart is bought," "Love has eyes," "Will you come to the bower?" "Savourneen Deelish," "The Thorn," and "Sally in our alley." I soon discovered, from his manners and remarks, that my new coaching ally was a prodigious favourite with the fair sex, and from the roguish leer that he gave the respective damsels at the different inns and public-houses, I fancied he did not quite merit the confidence his wife placed in him. Indeed, when we stopped to change horses at Slough, I saw the faithless Lothario present the pretty barmaid of the Red Lion with the bunch of violets, which she placed near her heart. Nay, more, if my optics did not deceive me, he implanted a kiss on the rosy lips of the blooming landlady, who faintly exclaimed, "For shame, you naughty man!" As I had won the good graces of this driving Giovanni, not alone by listening to his conquests over the rural Hebes, who dispensed their smiles and liquor to him, but by commanding his voice in "Pray, Goody," which I declared to be equal to Sinclair's, he offered me the reins just after passing the Sun Inn, at Maidenhead. "Take 'em gently up the hill," said he, "and then you can have a spirt over the thicket." To say that I was proud is to say nothing, for, having passed a few months with a private tutor at Littlewick-green, within two miles of the spot where we were, I felt that I should cut no little figure as I drove by the Coach and Horses, a wayside public-house where I and my young companions used to keep our guns when at our tutor's. "Do you pull up at the Coach and Horses?" I inquired, in so nervous a manner—I was then young, and, as Shakespeare writes, "in my salad days"—that the coachman, who is what is termed "wide-awake" upon all affairs of the heart, guessed my motive. "We can, Sir, if you like," he responded. "Perhaps Dick has a parcel to leave for Squire Lee. Anything for the thicket?" he continued, turning to the "shooter" behind, and giving him a knowing wink, a hint which the other took at once. "Why, yes, Sam; I wish to know whether Mr. Vansittart has sent for the empty sack I left there last Monday." As we reached the well-known spot where I had passed many a half-hour in the society of the pretty, innocent girl, whose fair face, blue eyes, auburn ringlets, and bewitching smile had turned the heads of all the youths in the neighbourhood, my heart began to palpitate, my hands to tremble, and I should have driven past the house had not my box companion caught hold of the reins with a firm grasp and pulled the horses up in front of the public-house. Fortunately, my Dulcinea had not noticed the hand that assisted me, and, seeing the coach stop, rushed to the door, exclaiming, "Lord William! Who would have thought it! How much you have improved in driving! Do you recollect when you upset the dog-cart close to that pond?" "I hope your father is well," I replied, anxious to change the conversation; "and, Sally—I mean Miss Sadgrove—let the coachman and guard have a glass of your cream of the valley." "Pray alight, my Lord," said the coachman, "I was not aware who I had the honour of addressing. Dick, show his Lordship into the bar." I jumped down, rushed into the well-known snugger, shook hands with poor old Sadgrove, who was a victim to what he called the "rheumatiz," quaffed a glass of bright, sparkling ale, threw down a crown piece, kissed my hand to the blooming girl, and mounted the box, not a little elated with my adventure. But to quit this spot of juvenile reminiscences. We trotted past my tutor's house on the green, where I was cheered by the boys of the village school, and, after an agreeable drive, reached Reading and then Newbury. Here the passengers were allowed twenty minutes for dinner, where we (I can answer for myself) did ample justice to the fare, which consisted of a splendid boiled leg of mutton and a ham-and-beal pie. "I go no further, gentlemen," said the coachman. "All right," I responded, handing him a gold seven-shilling piece, then a current coin of the realm. "Good-morning! and thank you, my Lord," replied the de-

posed monarch of the whip. "I've told Mr. Williams (I give a fictitious name) that your Lordship has your driving-gloves on." Again mounting the box, I found myself seated by one of the smartest men I ever met with at that period on the road. There was an air of conceit about him that was truly amusing, and it was rendered doubly so by his affected style of conversation. Unlike other dragsmen, he was dressed in the plainest style imaginable—a well-brushed black beaver hat, glossier than silk; a brown cutaway coat, dark Oxford mixed overalls, highly-polished wellington boots, and fawn-coloured double kid gloves. The first object of my new companion was to inform me that he was well born, that he had been educated at Oxford, and that he was the most popular man at Bath; indeed, so much so that he was called the Beau Nash of the road. Unquestionably, according to his own showing, he was entitled to that distinction, for he offered to point out all the sights of the English Montpellier, including the assemblies, theatre, pump-room, crescents, gardens, walks, and abbey. So delighted was I with the dandified manner of my companion that the journey passed rapidly away. On leaving Marlborough, he offered me the reins, which I accepted; and during the last stage he begged I would accept a pinch of the best Petersham mixture, informing me that it was a present from the noble Lord of that name, to whom he had been presented by an old Oxford acquaintance. Upon reaching the city of Bladud and driving up to the York House, Mr. Williams, with the air of Louis le Grand, politely took off his hat, wished me good evening, thanked me for my gratuity, and said that if I mentioned his name at the hotel every attention would be paid to me.

As a contrast to the above, let me show how our great-grandfathers travelled in 1739. Tennant writes as follows:—"In March I changed my Welsh school for one nearer to the capital, and travelled in the Chester stage, then no despicable

inside passenger by the old coach had to pay 16s. to Brighton; and for excess of luggage, if he carried what is now allowed to a first-class passenger, a further charge of 8s. 4d. would be made; total, £1 4s. 4d.

"This is the patent age of inventions." So wrote Byron, more than sixty years ago. Had he lived in our time how much greater cause would he have had to make the remark; for since the days of the noble poet how many inventions have been introduced! Steam-boats and railways instead of canvas sails and horses; acting, wide-awake policemen instead of superannuated, sleeping "Charlies" of the Dogberry school; brilliant gas in lieu of the darkness-made-visible light, "whose oily rays shot from the crystal lamp." No longer can we hail the "officious link-boy's smoky light," except during a dense thick, pea-soup coloured fog in the suicidal month of November. Instead of paved streets we have macadamised roads, albeit, there are some wiseacres who are (to adopt the old joke) putting their heads together to form a wooden pavement. We have light broughams and neat cabs instead of the rattling "agony" or hackney coach; iron vessels have taken the place of the "wooden walls of Old England," though our gallant tars are still "hearts of oak;" light French wines have driven good old humble port from our cellars, much to the advantage of gouty subjects. Last, not least, the improved system of locomotion enables the sportsman to hunt from London, to enjoy his breakfast and return to his dinner in the metropolis, to run down to Ascot, Epsom, Egham, Brighton, Croydon, Sandown Park, Windsor, and Goodwood races, and be back at night, while the follower of old Isaac Walton may kill his trout in some of the Berkshire or Hampshire streams and enjoy the pleasure of his (the fish's) company at a seven o'clock dinner in London. Of course, occasionally there are discomforts connected with the rail, for on a fine summer's day it is far more agreeable to view the country from a travelling chariot, britchka, or stage-coach

than to be shot forth like an arrow from a crossbow, at an awful rate, amidst a hissing, whizzing, ear-piercing, shrill, sharp noise, something between a catcall in the gallery of some transpontine theatre on Boxing Night and the war-whoop of the Ojibway Indians after a scalping-party in North America. Then the odour! Instead of the scent of the briar, the balmy bean-field, the cottage-side honeysuckle, the jessamine, you have an essence of villainous compounds—sulphur, rank oil, and soot. Again, the railway traveller occasionally finds his luggage missing; sometimes it is lost; our only wonder is that the above does not happen more frequently when we find the platform filled with loungers of all classes. Whether there are more fatal accidents by rail (in proportion to the excess of travellers) over those who formerly journeyed by road we know not for certain, but we are disposed to think there are not. Therefore, to sum up, if the question was "Road versus Rail," taking all the pros and cons into consideration, we should give the verdict for the defendant.

MADAME PATEY.

WHAT lover of music has not been delighted with the pure notes of Madame Patey's rich contralto voice? In oratorio and concert alike the sweet singer whose portrait we have much pleasure in printing is one of the chief attractions whenever her familiar name is included in the programme.

Madame Patey first became known, as Miss Whytock, by her excellent singing of occasional incidental solos at some of the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir. The fine rich tones of her genuine contralto voice, and her intense yet unaffected sentiment in religious music, soon brought her into general request as an oratorio singer; and on the retirement of Madame Sainton-Dolby, a few years ago, Madame Patey was generally acknowledged as her worthy successor. The high merits of this excellent artist received a very strong tribute in the enthusiastic reception which was accorded to her on her visit in 1874 to Paris, where her singing of Handel's music was received with general admiration. Madame Patey, who is also eminent as one of the most expressive interpreters of songs and ballads in the sentimental style, will be one of the vocalists at the Crystal Palace

concert this afternoon. Our portrait of Madame Patey is from the photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, Regent-street.

THE BALLET-SCHOOL OF THE NEW NATIONAL OPERA.—Mr. Mapleson, accompanied by Mdlle. Katti Lanner, visited Liverpool, last Monday, for the purpose of selecting a number of children to study dancing in a ballet-school on the Continental principle. After a careful examination of some 200 children by Mdlle. Lanner, on the stage of the Alexandra Theatre, some fourteen or sixteen were chosen to be draughted to the ballet-school which will be opened in London, and which will be connected with Mr. Mapleson's new opera-house. The school will be a self-supporting institution, as on the Continent; and, in addition to being taught the profession of "dancing," the pupils will be educated, clothed, given a dowry on their marriage, and provided for in their old age. In the case of any of the pupils' parents dying they are to be buried at the expense of the institution. The children will, up to a certain age, be educated at the School Board schools. The new ballet-school will be opened under Royal patronage; and by the time the new opera-house is opened Mr. Mapleson expects to have about fifty young coryphées ready for duty, as Mdlle. Lanner is visiting the chief towns in the kingdom to select pupils.

FATAL DUEL.—Galignani states that a hostile encounter took place a few days since between two gentlemen named Feuillrade and Ollivier. The former, aged thirty-three, is the son of a late Colonel of Engineers, aide-de-camp to Marshal Vauclain; the latter, who is nine years younger, is also of good family, and served as a sub-lieutenant of lancers during the war. The cause of the quarrel was a female, the sister of a danseuse at the Gaîté Theatre, and the encounter took place at a short distance from Longwy, just across the frontier of Luxembourg. The combat was long and determined, and three times the seconds intervened to allow the adversaries to rest; at the fourth attack each adversary made a thrust without attempting to parry; M. Feuillrade received a wound in his side, while his sword-point entered the breast of M. Ollivier above the nipple and reached the heart, killing him on the spot. The parties returned to Longwy by the carriage in which they had left in the morning, and where the body of the unfortunate gentleman was embalmed. His funeral has since taken place at Maisons-Alfort, near Paris.



MADAME PATEY.

vehicle for country gentlemen. The first day, with much labour, we got from Chester to Whitchurch, twenty miles; the second day to the Welsh Harp, the third to Coventry, the fourth to Northampton, the fifth to Dunstable; and, as a wondrous effort, on the last to London before the commencement of the night. The strain and labour of six horses, sometimes eight, drew us through the slough of Mireden and many other places. We were constantly out two hours before day and as late at night, and in the depth of winter proportionately later. Families who travelled in their own carriages contracted with Benson and Co., and were dragged up in the same number of days." The single gentlemen—then a hardy race—equipped in jack-boots, rode post through thick and thin, and, guarded against the mire, defying the frequent stumbles and falls, pursued their journey with alacrity, while in these our days their enervated posterity sleep away their rapid journeys in easy railway carriages, fitted for the soft inhabitants of Sybaria. I can vouch for the latter, for I left New York a few weeks ago at night, after delivering a lecture of an hour and a quarter, and was in bed in Hans-place by four o'clock in the morning. At a later period the following notice appeared in a Sussex newspaper:—"Lewes and Brighton—New machine, to hold four persons, by Chailey, sets out by the George Inn, in the Haymarket, St. James's, at six o'clock in the morning, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in one day, to the Star at Lewes and the Old Ship at Brightelmstone, and returns from thence every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Inside passengers to Lewes to pay thirteen shillings; to Brighton, sixteen shillings. To be allowed 14 lb. weight of baggage, all above to pay one penny per pound." The above coach was drawn by six long-tailed black horses. "N.B.—Batchelor's Old Godstone, East Grinstead, and Lewes stage continues to set out every Tuesday at nine o'clock and Saturday at five o'clock, from the Talbot Inn in the Borough. Children in lap and outside passengers to pay half price. Half of the fare to be paid at booking. Performed, if God permit, by J. Batchelor."

The march of improvement has made rapid strides upon all roads. Brighton can now be reached in an hour and thirteen minutes; first-class fares, by express (which are about to be reduced), 13s. 3d.; by ordinary trains, 10s.; second-class express, 10s.; ordinary trains, 7s. 9d.; third class, 4s. 6d. An

Our Captious Critic.**Acting Managers**

as a class have, of late years, become so important in connection with theatres that it is surprising to reflect how little their position is recognised by the public or the press. It is true they frequently have "benefits" given them, and one reads here and there a paragraph concerning the "courteous, gentlemanly, assiduous, or indefatigable Mr. So-and-So" having a well-deserved compliment paid him by the artists of the theatre in which he is employed. But this means not much more than that his immediate friends are testifying their appreciation of him, or that part of the agreed remuneration for his services between him and his manager consists in a benefit performance, the pecuniary success of which will depend on his facility in vending tickets. And it is by no means the most polite and courteous acting-managers who are best at "working-up" benefits for themselves. Indeed, on the contrary, it would be easy to find more than one instance of a thoroughly ill-bred, uncivil, and incompetent acting manager, who contrives always to have a profitable benefit; while, on the other hand, many are the instances of civil and courteous ones who can scarcely sell any tickets on their own behalf.

This fact, of course, from a commercial point of view, is an argument in favour of rudeness and discourtesy.

*The "Awful" style*

Acting managers are of two sorts. First, there is the clerk secretary, or treasurer, who is paid a salary like the other members of the company, and whose perquisites, if he has any, are entirely dependent upon his own private exertions and advantages. Secondly, there is the acting manager, who receives no salary, but contracts for the entire management of the front of a theatre, in so far as the attendance, sale of programmes, opera-glasses, &c., is concerned. He engages all the bookkeepers, and depends for his remuneration upon the profits arising from attendance, sale of programmes, &c.

The natural original parent of the acting manager is, of course, the showman outside the travelling booth who cries "Walk up! Walk up!" in good old conventional manner, and who occasionally, in addition to his financial duties, plays the big drum and pandean pipe. It is from him his modern descendants in the front of theatres derive their vulgarity and rudeness, when they are distinguished by these engaging qualities. The acting manager of the booth has a hoarse and strident voice, and a heart as hard as the nether millstone where penniless boys with a surreptitious longing for the drama are concerned. And who can say that these same penniless boys might not be dramatic critics in embryo? Your showman has as little real feeling for art as your picture-dealer. Both, however, are excellent judges of its market value—they know exactly what will pay; but there is not a grain of sentiment in their connoisseurship. He is, however, more looked up to in country fairs than the tragedian himself.

The *"awful"* style of acting manager is peculiarly offensive. Previous to his assuming theatrical functions he has been a shopboy in the fancy-goods line, who, having made himself useful (not to mention agreeable—*ça va sans dire*) across the counter to one of those members of the demi-monde who amuse themselves by becoming manageresses of theatres and pretending to act, has thus obtained a position in the dramatic

*The excessively polite style*

world. He is blindly devoted to his mistress. And justly so, for has she not emancipated him from the servitude of the "cheating yard-wand" and advanced him in the social scale? He attends upon her like a lackey, cords her boxes when on provincial tours, believes with all his heart and soul in her noble pedigree, and will resent to the death any imputation upon her pure and spotless fame. Indeed, he is the modern representative of ancient chivalry in this respect, which perhaps is the reason why he treats his contemporaries with such contemptuous hauteur.

The *"excessively polite"* acting manager rushes wildly to the other extreme. He overwhelms you with civility. He is nothing if not the pink of perfect politeness. Can he get you a programme? Shall he fetch the lady a hassock for her feet? Will you have any ices, champagne, lemonade, bottled stout, apples, or oranges, or an opera-glass? Shall he stand on his head—just to show the respect he bears you? Will you cast your eye over this programme for his benefit next week? Can you dispose of some tickets among your friends—only a dozen or so? &c. A dear old soul is this specimen!

The *"retired Major"* style of acting manager is to be approached with the utmost diffidence, and a due regard for his dignity and importance. He is rumoured to be a scion of two noble houses—was an officer in both services—lost his little finger in the Crimea (rescuing a baggage-waggon from the Cossacks)—retired—became a devil of a fellow, was called the *roué* of two Continents at the age of seven-and-twenty, mortgaged his estates, went abroad, saved the life of *Whatsaname*, the celebrated comedian, when attacked by the fiery anaconda in Peru. Years ago in London the brave old warrior and the comedian met—the comedian is wealthy and popular, the brave old warrior poor and gouty. What more natural than that the wealthy but grateful comedian should, in the most delicate manner possible, offer the brave old warrior five hundred a year to be his acting manager, and shed an air of aristocratic dignity over the front of his theatre? The retired Major has a fund of scandalous anecdote, by nar-

*The Retired Major style*

rating which he gains the reverent admiration of men too young to question the veracity of his statements. Many a spicy incident will he relate to you about "poor Déjazet," with whom he will have you to know that he was on terms of—Well, intimacy. The Major's knowledge of the drama proper, however, is vague and limited. Of the drama improper he knows more than any man living, which accounts for the gilt on the gingerbread.

Of the officials beneath the acting manager little can be said as their deportment generally depends upon that of their employers. If civil young women, however, instead of insolent young men, were employed more frequently in the booking offices of the theatres the comfort of the playgoer might be considerably enhanced. Nothing is gained in this day by rudeness or incivility, and it is a pity if ticket-sellers, because they are safely locked up in a box with only a small aperture and secure from the personal castigation which they occasionally richly merit, should be allowed to amuse themselves by being rude and impertinent to the humble playgoer.

The two theatres distinguished by an entire freedom from front-of-the-house annoyances cannot too often be recommended. Apart from the performances to be witnessed there, the comfort attendant upon a visit to the Gaiety or the Prince of Wales theatre is so palpable as to make the contrast between them and some other houses chilling in the extreme.

*Booking as it ought not to be**Booking as it ought to be*

Athletic Sports.

Or course, the all-absorbing topic of the hour is the coming boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge, and the blue fever has set in with its accustomed severity. It is really astonishing to me how many people will persist in crowding about the boat-houses at Putney and staring open-mouthed at any one who is in the slightest way imaginable connected with either crew, while, at the same time, they are, as a rule, most profoundly ignorant of rowing, good, bad, or indifferent. Perhaps the old saying that "one fool makes many" may hold good in this case. However, in spite of the very disagreeable spell of bad weather we have experienced lately, the crowds showed no diminution, and on Saturday afternoon the towing-path between the Duke's Head and East's boat-house was almost impassable, while the balcony of the London Rowing Club House was packed, most of its occupants being ladies. The practice of either crew has not been of a very heavy nature since my Notes last week, but Oxford have done more hard work than Cambridge, and the men show some slight improvement in consequence, besides increasing a little in weight, which is by no means a bad sign; on the contrary, it is a pretty certain indication that training agrees with them. It is not my intention to give a detailed account of each day's practice of the rival crews, which has been almost identical. Oxford has gone over the entire course more frequently than their friendly opponents; and while the Dark Blues have confined their more early daily work between Putney and Hammersmith against the tide, the Light Blues, on the other hand, have varied their morning's exercise by rowing easily between the Leander Boat-House and Wandsworth. Both crews are still far from faultless; indeed, perfection cannot be expected. But the men in each boat are an unusually fine lot, and each and all of them work fairly and honestly, in spite of many peculiarities of style. Time and swing are more clearly marked in the Cambridge boat than in the Oxford; but the latter certainly row the stroke better through than the former, and although very ragged on the feather, are much quicker with their hands in reaching forward than the others. Up to the time of writing the Oxford men have not yet tried a racing stroke; but before this is in type they will, in all probability, this (Thursday) afternoon go over the whole course for the fourth time since their arrival, when I expect to see them work up towards the finish to a faster burst of speed than they have hitherto exhibited. Some little consternation was excited when it was seen that Williams, of Corpus, who had been rowing No. 3 in the Oxford boat, was on Monday superseded at that thwart by Hobart, of Exeter; but the change has certainly had a beneficial effect on the appearance of the boat. The new importation weighs rather less than the man whom he succeeded, Williams being 12st 6lb against Hobart's 12st 1lb. I believe the change is intended to be permanent, and judging from present appearances, although he is not quite together with the rest of the eight, Hobart will doubtless improve day by day, and quickly become on a par with the others. Next week I shall be better able to form an opinion of the probable result of the race, which at present seems to depend upon the toss up of a halfpenny, although the waterside talent is strongly in favour of Cambridge. Appended are the names and weights of the two crews:—

OXFORD.	
1. H. M'D. Courtney	st lb
2. H. W. Mercer	11 5½
3. F. Hobart	11 6
4. A. M. Mitchison	12 1
5. J. M. Bourne	13 3
6. H. J. Stayner	12 7
7. H. P. Marriott	12 6½
T. C. Edwardes-Moss (stroke)	12 0
W. D. Craven (coxswain)	12 4
	7 9

CAMBRIDGE.	
1. P. W. Brancker	st lb
2. T. W. Lewis	11 6
3. W. B. Close	11 10
4. C. Gurdon	11 11
5. L. G. Pike	12 12½
6. T. E. Hockin	12 9
7. H. E. Rhodes	12 10½
C. D. Shafte (stroke)	12 3
E. L. Davis (coxswain)	11 13
	7 0

Although the football season is fast drawing to a close there have yet been many matches since my last, principal amongst these being the return between Sheffield and London, which took place on Saturday at the Bramhall-lane grounds, Sheffield, and resulted in a most disastrous defeat for the visitors, who could barely make a respectable stand against their opponents, who, playing as one man and in their best form, won by six goals to nil. As London won the toss, J. C. Clegg kicked off for the home team, and almost immediately Woodcock obtained possession and a kick at the Londoners' goal; but the ball went just outside the post, and, after some determined play on each side, Sorby and Mosworth managed to lower the visitors' fortress by a combined rush. Upon recommencing play Sheffield almost lost a goal, as Kenrick all but scored, his attempt being only just frustrated by the grand keeping of the home team's goal by Carr. Once more Sorby was to the fore, and a second time scored for his side, this success after some fine combined play by the Sheffielders being repeated by Gregory. The game now stood three to two against the cockneys, which was the result at half-time. After changing ends the fickle goddess still smiled on the efforts of the home team, and Gregory and Sorby, ere the conclusion of the game, added three more goals; the visitors, who played up well towards the finish, being unable to score a point. On the same day, still further north, Scotland and Wales were playing their first international contest at Partick, and the Scotchmen also won a love-game, scoring four goals to nothing. Wales kicked off, and immediately the home team penned their opponents in the neighbourhood of their goal, mere luck preventing its downfall for some considerable period; but at length, after three-quarters of an hour's play, Ferguson accomplished the feat. Some good runs on both sides followed, and at half-time no further advantage had accrued. Ends having been changed the Welshmen were completely overpowered, and in less than a quarter of an hour their colours were twice lowered, M'Kinnon being the operator; and, although the Celts made most strenuous exertions to turn the tide in their favour, a fourth time their goal fell through the agency of M'Neil. Liverpool and Manchester also had a friendly game, on Saturday, at Whalley Range, when the former were rather easily defeated by two tries and four touches-down to love. Amongst other contests that have taken place since my last I may mention that Oakfield concluded their season by beating Lausanne by one goal, two tries, and four touches-down to naught; Ravens beat Phoenix by two tries, three touches-down, and one touch in goal to one touch-down; Reading and Reading Hornets played a draw—two goals each; Pilgrims beat Reigate Priory by two goals to none; Flamingoes defeated Gipsies (who played three short) by three touches-down to a touch-down; German Gymnasium beat Crescent by a try and two touches-down to two touches-down; Forest School beat Felstead School by four goals to one; Ross beat Newham by one goal, one try, and six touches-down to one touch-down; Ramblers and Union played a draw, &c. I regret to have to

record the demise of W. D. Brown, a prominent Scottish Rugby player, who twice captained the Scottish International team, and up to 1875 held the position of captain of the Glasgow academical team.

In billiards I have little to draw attention to, the leading feature being the annual competition between Oxford and Cambridge, which has been revived this year; but, contrary to precedent, was not played in town, but at Brown's Rooms, Cambridge. The double-handed match was decided on Tuesday evening, when A. L. Adey (Balliol) and W. H. Horn (Worcester), who represented Oxford, lost by 225 points out of 500, suffering defeat at the hands of D. D. Pontifex (Trinity) and J. M. Sarkies (Caius). On Wednesday Pontifex and Adey played the single-handed match, and again the Cantab "walked in," being victorious by 287 points. Of course the Light Blue had a great advantage through being at home on the table, and a neutral ground, as of yore, would be much more satisfactory to old blues and the public in general. I am pleased, however, to state that one old institution was not done away with—viz., that the veteran Oxford Jonathan was at his old post as marker. An entertainment has been also decided at Liverpool, the opponents being Taylor, Cook, Kilkenny, and Roberts. The last named and Kilkenny first met, the champion conceding 225 points in 750 and being beaten by 557 points; and then Cook beat Taylor in a game of 700 by 178. Taylor and Kilkenny played 700 up even, and Kilkenny, although receiving 75 in 700, was defeated by 66 points. Cook and Roberts then contested a game of 700 up even, when the champion was vanquished by 429 points.

Passing Turner and Price's saloon at Waterloo on Wednesday evening, and hearing that a sporting match was being played, I went in, and found that a game of 1000 up, for a tenner a side, was being played by F. Bishop and F. Smith, and much I enjoyed a most fluctuating game, which eventuated in the defeat of the favourite, Bishop, by 233 points, Smith making the break of the evening, 73, all round the table. On Monday next the second American tournament takes place at Messrs. Turner and Price's saloon, Strand, when all the leading players, with the exception of the champion, will compete.

Racquets have been almost a dead letter; and at Cambridge last Saturday the terminal handicap resulted in favour of Buckingham by 15.9, 15.9, and 15 to "love," his opponent being C. Bethell, and both belonging to Trinity College. The Oxford and Cambridge matches are to take place at Prince's on Monday and Tuesday week, and the Public Schools competitions at the same rendezvous on April 17, 18, 19.

Plenty of athletics have taken place, the most notable being the conclusion of the Cambridge University Sports, held annually for the purpose of selecting the Light-Blue team to compete against the darker colour at Lillie-bridge. Some good form was shown, the most notable performers being Cunliffe, of Trinity, in the half-mile and one mile; Knowles, also of Trinity, in the three miles; Hales, another Trinitarian, in the hammer-throwing; and last, but not least, Lewis, in the quarter. The Inter-University contest, to take place next Friday at Lillie-bridge, is a much more open affair than it has been for some years; but I fancy Oxford will just obtain the odd event, as, after a careful analysis, I have come to the conclusion that the Dark Blue will secure the two jumps, weight-putting, one mile, and three miles; whilst Cambridge should be victorious in the quarter, hundred yards, hammer-throwing, and hurdles; three out of the four competitions being foregone conclusions. Last Saturday the London Athletic Club commenced their own and the Metropolitan season at Lillie-bridge, West Brompton. Elborough walked over for the 220-yards challenge cup, and ran second for the 600-yards handicap, which fell to F. B. Montague (38 yards), the crack being on the four-yards mark as actual scratch man. H. Venn had not the slightest difficulty in securing the seven-mile walking challenge; R. H. Dudgeon (28 yards) won the members' 250-yards handicap; and the strangers' 100-yards and four-miles handicaps were taken respectively by H. McDougall, London A.C. (8½ yards start), and A. P. Smith, London A.C. (90 yards start). Upon the same day St. John's Middle Class School, Kennington, held their sports, and on Wednesday Blackheath rejoiced in the commencement of their annual meeting, whilst next day the Winchester College sports took place. This afternoon McLeavy, the celebrated Scotch runner, will attempt to cover one mile, at Lillie-bridge, in 4min 17½ sec. I think it long odds he does not do it.

EXON.

CHAMPIONSHIP AND INTER-UNIVERSITY COMPETITIONS. Wednesday, April 5.—Oxford and Cambridge Chess-Match, Freemasons' Tavern.

Thursday, April 6.—Boxing, Wrestling, and Bicycling Championships, at Lillie-bridge.

Friday, April 7.—Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports, at Lillie-bridge.

Saturday, April 8.—Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race.

Monday, April 10.—Amateur Championship Sports, at Lillie-bridge.

Tuesday, April 11.—Oxford and Cambridge Four-handed Racquet-Match, at Prince's Court, Hans-place.

Wednesday, April 12.—Oxford and Cambridge Single-handed Racquet-Match, at Prince's Court, Hans-place.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, April 17, 18, and 19.—Public Schools' Challenge Cup Racquet-Matches, at Prince's Court, Hans-place.

Wednesday, June 28.—Oxford and Cambridge Bicycle-Race, Alexandra Park.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE AT ATHLETICS.—The following will represent their respective Universities in the Inter-University competitions at Lillie-bridge, on Friday, April 7:—

OXFORD. CAMBRIDGE.
100 YARDS.

*E. C. Myddelton-Evans, Magdalen. | C. C. Woodland, Corpus (102-5 sec).
M. Shearman, St. John's (102-5 sec). | E. M. Salmon, Jesus.

THROWING THE HAMMER.

H. G. Holme, Brasenose (100ft). | *G. II. Hales, Trinity (137ft 6in).
C. I. Lewis, Jesus. | Hon. A. Lyttelton, Trinity.

HIGH JUMP.

*M. J. Brooks, Brasenose (6ft). | W. S. Blathwayt, Corpus, (5ft 5½ in).
C. P. Lucas, Balliol. | *S. A. Walker, Trinity.

ONE MILE.

*E. R. J. Nicholls, Christ Church (4min 35 1-5 sec). | R. Cunliffe, Trinity (4min 35 1-5 sec).
A. Godwyn, Jesus. | *W. C. C. Steel, University. | B. E. Winter, Clare.

HURDLES (120 YARDS).

E. R. Nash, Lincoln (17 3-5 sec). | A. B. Loder, Jesus (16 4-5 sec).
E. L. Treffry, Magdalen. | E. M. Salmon, Jesus.

QUARTER-MILE.

C. J. Metcalfe, University (52 4-5 sec). | *A. R. Lewis, Corpus (51 2-5 sec).
G. Solly, Magdalen. | J. II. Lonsdale, Trinity.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.

*C. H. Hodges, Queen's (36ft 6in). | *H. O. D. Davidson, Trinity (35ft 4in).
J. A. Fraser, Merton. | J. R. Morgan, Jesus.

BROAD JUMP.

M. J. Brooks, Brasenose (21ft 11in). | C. N. E. Bayley, Trinity (20ft 8½ in).
R. V. Surtees, University. | C. C. Woodham, Corpus.

THREE MILES.

*W. H. R. Stevenson, New (15min 41 sec). | L. Knowles, Trinity (15min 41 sec).
W. H. Grenfell, Balliol. | J. T. Penrose, Trinity.
F. Bullock-Webster, Hertford. | L. E. Blake.

* Those marked with an asterisk competed at the last Inter-University Sports.

FORMER WINS IN THE INTER-UNIVERSITY CONTESTS:—

BOAT-RACE.—Oxford, 17; Cambridge, 15.

CRICKET-MATCH.—Oxford, 20; Cambridge, 19.

ATHLETICS.—Oxford, 6; Cambridge, 5.

CHESS.—Cambridge, 2; Oxford, 1.

RACKETS.—Double: Oxford, 13; Cambridge, 6. Single: Oxford, 11; Cambridge, 7.

BICYCLING.—Cambridge, 2; Oxford, 0.

BILLIARDS.—Double: Oxford, 7; Cambridge, 8. Single: Oxford, 9; Cambridge, 6.

FOOTBALL.—Association: Oxford, 2; Cambridge, 1; drawn, 1. Rugby Union: Oxford, 1; Cambridge, 1; drawn, 1.

It will thus be seen that the Dark Blues are ahead in the boat-race, cricket, sports, rackets (both), billiards (single), and football (Association); Cambridge in chess, double billiards, and bicycling; while the only tie is Rugby football.

THE CAMBRIDGE CLASSICAL TRIPPOS.—The success of athletic men in the great Classical Tripos for the present academical year is very marked. The Senior Classic, Mr. Henry Wace, is devotedly attached to football-playing, both Rugby and Association Rules, and he narrowly escaped winning his "blue" at football. He has also performed on the running-path. Mr. Robert Alexander Neil, of St. Peter's, the Second Classic, is an athlete of no mean pretensions, and rowed in his college first boat. The same may be said of the Third Classic, George William Douton, of King's and Eton.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BICYCLE CLUB MEETING was concluded, last Saturday, at Fenner's Ground, and Mr. Keith-Falconer had no difficulty in winning the Ten-Miles Race, but Dodds, in the Twenty-Miles Race, found an unexpectedly stubborn opponent in Bankart, whom, however, he shook off in the last five miles, and finally won easily. Between the races, Keen (the champion) tried to ride two miles under 6min 30sec, but did not succeed, the time being 6min 38 2-5 sec. Arrangements have been made with the presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge Bicycle Clubs to hold the Inter-University Bicycle Races on the new path at the Alexandra Park, on Wednesday, June 28.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP MEETINGS will take place on Thursday, April 6, and Monday, April 10, at Lillie-bridge, West Brompton, under the management of the Amateur Athletic Club. The first day will be devoted to boxing, wrestling, and the four-mile bicycle championship; the second day to throwing the hammer, high and broad jumping, and to a series of walking and running races for the Champion Cups.

A TEN-MILE BICYCLE-RACE for the championship of Hampshire and Sussex took place at the East Hants Grounds, Portsmouth, on Monday afternoon, between W. R. Thomas, of Portsmouth, and W. Pratt, of Chichester, the victor becoming also entitled to a silver cup of the value of £15. Pratt, in his twenty-eighth round, beckoned for somebody to assist him from his saddle, and hobbled across the ground to the clubhouse, having sprained one of his ankles badly. Thomas ultimately completed the whole distance in 38min 57sec. The wind was extremely cold, and rain fell during the whole race.

M'LEAVY v. TIME.—At 5.30 this (Saturday) afternoon M'Leavy, the Glasgow "ped," is to start on his attempt to beat the fastest mile time on record (4min 17½ sec). Lillie-bridge is to be the arena, and the Amateur Athletic Club have promised M'Leavy £50 and half the gate-money if he should beat the 4-17½, and other liberal sums if he should achieve anything near that time.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN SCOTCH FOOTBALL PLAYER.—We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. W. D. Brown, one of the most prominent Scotch Rugby football players. The deceased gentleman up till last year acted as captain of the Glasgow Academical team, and twice was honoured with the command of the Scottish international team—namely, in 1874, when the match was played in London, and last year, when it was played in Edinburgh. His skill in the football-field was only equalled by his courteous manner and generally obliging disposition. His old club, in which he retained a lively interest, was to have played against the Edinburgh Academicals on the ground of the latter, last Saturday, but the game was postponed.

LONDON PRESS ROWING CLUB.—The members of this club rowed a scratch eight-oared race, on Saturday last, from Barnes Railway Bridge to Hammersmith, when a most exciting contest ensued. Neither crew was able to get away from the other, and the result was a dead heat.

BOAT-RACE ON THE CLYDE.—On Saturday last a race for £50 took place between Neil Collins and John Campbell, both Glasgow men, on one part, and Colquhoun Campbell, of Glasgow, and Daniel Cullen, of Dumbarton, on the other, the former winning by a length and a half.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER.—Cricketers will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Alfred Diver, who died suddenly at his residence, Lawrence Sheriff-street, Rugby, last Saturday morning. Deceased, who was originally a member of the All-England Eleven, had filled the position of bowler and cricket instructor to the Rugby School for more than twenty years.

A BILLIARD TOURNAMENT ON THE AMERICAN SYSTEM, under the management of W. Cook, will take place at Turner and Price's Saloon, 367, Strand, on Monday, April 3, and following days. The following will be the players:—

W. Cook	scratch	A. Bennett	150
Stanley	125	Kilkenny	150
Taylor	125	F. Bennett	150
Timbrell	125	Richards	170

The heats will be 500 up, and the first prize a 100-guinea table, manufactured and presented by Messrs. Turner and Price, on which the handicap will be played.

COOK'S NEW ROOMS, at 82, Regent-street, were to be opened on Friday, March 31, with a series

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL REGATTA.

The New York *Forest and Stream* says:—“Among the athletic sports that will be held during the Centennial Exhibition will be a series of boat-races on the Schuylkill River, a broad, beautiful stream, acknowledged among rowing men as one of the finest rowing courses in America, having high banks on each side, and in full view of the Exhibition buildings. The races, while under control of the United States Centennial Commission, will be under the local management of the Schuylkill Navy, a boating organisation composed of nine clubs, whose boat-houses are on the east bank of the river within Fairmount Park. The leading boating associations of the country have consented to co-operate.

“The Schuylkill Navy has been in existence since 1858, and has given a number of open regattas; and, from its past record and the experience of its members in conducting races, we have abundant guarantee that this series of regattas in 1876 will be most successful. The Schuylkill Navy, besides furnishing quarters for the boats for the visiting crews in their own boat-houses, propose erecting temporary boat-houses in the park, and will thus be enabled to accommodate all who may accept this invitation to take part in the races. Arrangements have been made to hold the following races:—

First.—An International Race will be held, open to all regularly-organised boat clubs throughout the world, to be rowed in accordance with the rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association of the United States; the prizes to be a piece of plate each for fours, for pairs, for doubles, and for single sculls, and, in addition, medals to be presented to each man rowing in the race, to be of gold for the winning crew, for the second crew of silver, and the remainder of bronze.

Second.—An International College Race for four-oared shells will be held, the prize to be a piece of plate, with a gold medal to each of the winning crew; open only to undergraduates.

Third.—An International Graduates' Race will be held for four-oared shells, open only to colleges or Universities; the prize being a piece of plate, and a gold medal to each member of the winning crew.

No person will be allowed to row in both International College Race and International Graduates' Race.

Fourth.—Professional Races will be held, open to all crews throughout the world, for four-oared, pair-oared, and single-scull shells for purses, the amounts of which will be announced by May 1, 1876.

“The races will be held between Aug. 20 and Sept. 15, and the entries shall be closed on July 15.

“An entrance fee of 25 dols will be charged for fours, 15 dols for pairs and doubles, and 10 dols for singles. The fees will be returned to all boats starting in the races, and is demanded as a guarantee of good faith in making the entry and to justify the committee in making the necessary arrangements for properly housing the boats of the entering crews.

“The Amateur Races will be rowed in heats one mile and a half straightaway. The Professional Races will be rowed in heats of three miles—one mile and a half and return.

“Besides the above prizes the ‘Jury on Rowing’ of the United States Centennial Commission, who will have an oversight of all the races, will award the diploma and medal of the Commission to the victors.

“The National Amateur Rowing Association will hold their annual regatta over the same course (the National) either previous to or immediately after the above international races.

“The following definition of an amateur oarsman, with the required pledge, will be strictly enforced for all entries in the amateur races:—

“The president or presiding officer and secretary of each club entering either of the amateur races of the regatta controlled by the Schuylkill Navy will be required to certify on honour, in writing, that each member of the crew entered is strictly an amateur, and is not paid, directly or indirectly, for his services, either by place, emolument, or office, as a member, or by reason of his being a member of the club; that he ‘does not enter in open competition for either a stake, public, or admission money, or entrance-fee, or compete with or against a professional for any prize, and has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or has been employed in or about boats, or in manual labour on the water.’”

Entries should be addressed to Jonathan Gillingham, secretary, P.O. box 2013, Philadelphia, Pa.”

SUDDEN DEATH OF AN ITALIAN ACTOR.

The Naples correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on March 26, says:—“The gaiety of Naples has been eclipsed by the sudden death, at the theatre of St. Carlino, of Antonio Petito—the most famous of all the Pulcinello who have ever stirred to laughter the laughter-loving city. On Friday evening last poor Petito, having left the house as usual in a roar, retired for a moment to the side-scenes to drink a cup of coffee; he felt suddenly unwell, complained of a violent pain in the chest, sat down, fell back in his chair, and was a corpse in a moment. The wild excitement of the audience when, eager for his reappearance, they were informed of his death, may easily be imagined. The news spread rapidly through Naples, and everywhere there was one sentiment expressed in the one ejaculation ‘Povero Pulcinello!’ for Petito was a great master in his art. In the little house of St. Carlino, where he had grown to greatness, he was a supreme monarch of merriment—an irresistible lord of laughter—and his reign had been long and undisputed. He was but fifty-four when he died; but he had been on the stage

since he was five, and been famous since he was twenty. He was a writer, too, as well as an actor, and had thrown off many a score of extravaganzas, born but to die, but each of them a success such as no other composer in his own line could have achieved. The popular Neapolitan dialect, in which they were all written, is to the classical Italian what Lowland Scotch is to classical English. It lends itself wonderfully, which the classical Italian does not, to the expression of broad humour, and has infinite charms for those who have once become familiar with it. It is full of the old Oscar raciness, and enables a scholar to form a vivid conception of what those ‘Feocennine verses’ must have been like which had such a charm even for the stately Romans. In this element Petito reigned and revelled. In his own line he has never been surpassed; it may be long before he is equalled. Poor Petito! Yesterday, the day after his death, all Naples was in the streets following his body to the grave, ‘grateful,’ as Charles Lamb has it, ‘for many a heavy hour of life lightened by his harmless extravaganzas.’ All Naples—but no priest. The Church, it seems, cannot yet recognise as a fit subject for Christian sepulture the actor who is struck down on the stage without time for confession or extreme unction. Never mind! Petito, perhaps, sleeps none the worse for the omission. He has a whole city to mourn him, and his fittest requiem is that which is heard on all sides, ‘Povero Pulcinello.’”

HERR BANDMANN IN DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.

We have much pleasure in reprinting the following letter from the *Times* of Monday last:—

“Sir,—Will you kindly allow me a little of your most valuable space in answer to an onslaught upon my profession by Cardinal Manning, at Exeter Hall, on March 21? At a meeting of the ‘Roman Catholic Temperance Society’ his Eminence denounced all establishments for theatrical representations, ‘from the costly theatre of the rich to the penny gaff of the poor,’ as ‘one vast scale of corruption,’ and counselled and strongly urged all his hearers never on any account to set their feet in one of them. Without attempting to question the good or evil influence of the stage, it is really surprising to read that such views should be entertained by a man like Cardinal Manning, who represents a religion which not only tolerates but supports and encourages dramatic art. Nowhere has the drama a healthier and greater influence than in Catholic countries—Austria, Bavaria, Suabia, Italy, France, and Spain. I have seen rows of stalls and galleries filled with ecclesiastics in the theatres of Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich, Prague, and Paris. Hundreds of seminarists are nightly seen in the galleries of the Court theatres of Vienna, Munich, and Stuttgart. I wonder what effect this anathema would have upon them.

“Without presuming for a moment to set myself up as a defender of the stage (I leave that to abler and greater men), I beg you to insert a few quotations from my glorious countryman, Friedrich Schiller, of whom, as of the immortal bard, we might with justice say—‘He was not for an age, but for all time.’ In his lecture read before the Royal German Society in Mannheim, in 1874, and entitled, ‘Die Schaubühne als eine moralische Anstalt betrachtet,’ he says the following:—

“The jurisdiction of the stage begins where the domain of all worldly law ends. When justice is blinded by gold and dissipation, enrolled by crime, when the guilt of the mighty—scorning their own weakness and fear of man—girds the arm of authority, the stage takes up sword and scales and drags the criminals before a horrible tribunal of justice.”

“The whole realm of romance and history, past, present, and future, is at her disposal. Even in the absence of morality, faith, religion, and worldly laws, Medea will terrify us tottering down the palace steps after her infanticide.”

“Wholesome shuddering will seize us, and in quiet repose we will praise our own good conscience when we see Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, washing her little hands which ‘all the perfumes of Arabia’ will not sweeten.”

“As sure as what we see works deeper upon us than the dead letter or the naked narration, so sure will the stage leave a more profound and lasting impression than morality and law.”

“Fools disturb society almost as much as criminals, and it is the stage which holds the mirror up to that large class of dolts. What she effects above through the instrumentality of pity and horror, she succeeds in here (much quicker and safer) through wit and satire.”

“The stage alone can laugh over our weaknesses because she spares our sensibilities and ignores the guilty. Without blushing we see ourselves unmasked in the mirror and are secretly thankful for the gentle admonition.”

“The stage is, more than any other public institution, a school for practical wisdom, a guide through the common road of life, an unfailing key to the most secret archives of the human soul.”

“The stage is a co-operative channel from which, for better and more thinking men, streams

the light of wisdom and then expands in milder rays over the entire universe. Better reasoning, truer principles, purer sentiments flow through the people’s veins. The fog of barbarism, the darkness of bigotry and intolerance disappear; the night retreats before triumphant light. I will only name one instance out of so many excellent examples. How universal within the last few years has religious toleration become! Long before Nathan the Jew and Saladin the Saracen preached the divine truth that humility in God, and to be nearer Him, depends not upon our ‘horrible imaginings,’ long before Joseph II. conquered the terrible hydra of pious hatred, the stage planted humanity and tenderness into our hearts. The fearful picture of heathen priest rage caused us to shun religious hatred; and in this terrible mirror Christianity washed off her stains.”

“I would most respectfully commend these somewhat ‘lame and impotent’ translations to his Eminence Cardinal Manning.

“Yours obediently, DANIEL G. BANDMANN.
“Garrick Club, March 25.”

SALE AT TATTERSALLS.

The following horses were sold by Messrs. Tattersall, at Albert-gate, on Monday last:—

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.	Gs.
Duchess, br m.; a lady’s hack.....	Mr. Houston 36
Countess of Clifden, b m (foaled 1869), by Lord Clifden-Schottische, by Fundango; covered by The Swift.....	Mr. Carew Gibson 75

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.

Boy of the Period, br h, 6 yrs, by Thornton (by Quicksilver) out of a thoroughbred mare bred by the late Marquis of Exeter; has covered one season.....	Sir R. Peel 100
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Ocean Wave, br h, 6 yrs, by Lifeboat out of Geneva by Mildew; has been hunted.....	Mr. Toynbee 70
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HORSES IN TRAINING, BY ORDER OF THE TRUSTEE (IN BANKRUPTCY) OF MR. T. SMITH.

B c, 2 yrs, by Paganini—Jolie.....	Sir W. Milner 200
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B c, 2 yrs, by Paganini—Blameless.....	Mr. Wood 50
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B f, 2 yrs, by Paganini—Exactly.....	Mr. Wood 50
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Ch f, 2 yrs, by Paganini—Olden Times Sir C. Nugent 50	
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Ch f, 2 yrs, by Paganini—Present.....	Mr. Davidson 25
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B f, 2 yrs, by Ceopros—Acid.....	Mr. Holdaway 20
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B f, 2 yrs, by Paganini—White Rose.....	Mr. Holdaway 36
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Ch f, 2 yrs, by Paganini—Soulo.....	Mr. W. Scott 110
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Kirtling, ch c, 3 yrs, by Fortunio—Miss Osborne.....	Mr. Wood 135
--	--------------

Countess of Morungton, 3 yrs, by Arthur Wellesley—Easby by Weatherbit.....	Mr. C. Gibson 80
--	------------------

Mystery, 5 yrs, by Trumpeter—Charade by Stockwell.....	Sir W. Milner 200
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Physick’s Pain, ch h, 5 yrs, by Lozenge—Phyllis, by Joe Lovell.....	Mr. Toynbee 87
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DAVENTRY STEEPLECHASES.—A beautiful course near the town of Daventry will furnish some good sport on Thursday, April 6. The programme consists of seven items, all of which closed on Wednesday last.

DUMFRIESHIRE HUNT STEEPLECHASES.—The five events at this meeting, which will take place in the neighbourhood of Lockerbie on Tuesday, April 4, under the Grand National Rules, closed on March 30.

ACCIDENT TO C. PRATT.—We regret to state that this well-known jockey broke his leg at Rhems Races on Sunday last, through the failing with him of Bamboula in the Prix de la Ville Stakes.

PIANOFORTEs.

MOORE and MOORE.

Three-Years’ System.

Terms from 2½ gs. per quarter.

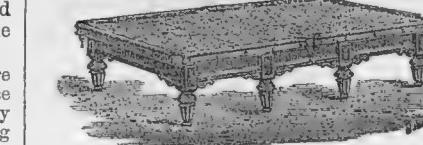
HARMONIUMS.—Terms from 1½ guinea per quarter. Illustrated Price-Lists post-free.

Pianofores from 16 gs.

Ware-Rooms—104 and 105, Bishopsgate-st., Within, E.C.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.’S Music and Musical Instrument Warehouse.—Music sent at half price and post-free. Music Circulating Library, two to five guineas per annum. Musical Boxes, Guitars, Zithers, Concertinas, Metronomes, Digitormums, &c. 201, Regent-street, W.

THURSTON’S BILLIARD TABLES.



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THURSTON’S are the LARGEST SHOW-ROOMS for BILLIARD-TABLES in ENGLAND.

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Head Offices and Show-Rooms, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND, LONDON. Factory—Waterloo Billiard Works, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, S.W. Branch Show-Rooms—89, Bold-street, Liverpool; Victoria-buildings, Manchester.

“A SOVEREIGN REMEDY” FOR ALL DISEASES.

KAYE’S WORSDELL’S PILLS.

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER’S DENTIFRICE WATER ARRESTS DECAY in the TEETH and Sweetens the Breath.

55, Bold-street, Liverpool.

Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

INDIGESTION!
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MORSON’S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

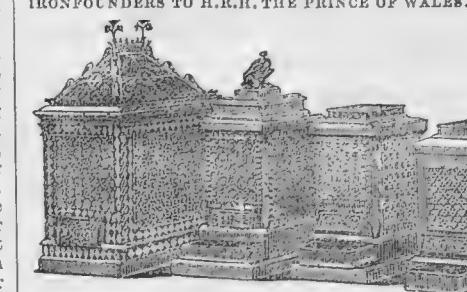
SOLD in Bottles as WINE, at 3s., 5s., and 9s.; LOZENGES, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; GLOBULES, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.; and POWDER, in 1-oz. bottles at 5s. each.

BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

T. MORSON & SON, Southampton-row, Russell-square, London.

MUSGRAVE & CO. (Limited),

IRONFOUNDERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



MUSGRAVE’S PATENT SLOW COMBUSTION STOVES and AIR-WARMERS

are the most economical. They are safe, healthful, durable, and extremely simple. They will burn for 24 hours without attention.

These Stoves are now delivered, free of carriage, to most of the principal towns in the kingdom.

Manufacturers also of Musgrave’s Patent Stable and Harness-room Fittings. Musgrave’s Patent Iron Cow-house fittings and Piggeries.

Priced Engravings free on application to

MUSGRAVE & CO. (Limited),

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NOTICE.—WILLIS’S BEST BIRD’S EYE.

Every Packet of this TOBACCO will in future be lined with tin-foil, thus perfectly preserving its condition and flavour.

January, 1876.

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“FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.”

CLARKE’S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 3

NOTICE.—THURSDAY SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that, in consequence of the increased demand for Stalls, the THURSDAY SALES will COMMENCE EARLIER this Year than usual. The first Thursday's Sale will be held on March 2, for which immediate application for stalls should be made. The Stalls are nearly all booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June.

Albert-gate, Jan. 29, 1876.

A LDRIIDGE'S, London.—Established A 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11 o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses from Messrs. Joshua East and Co. and other job-masters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, new and second-hand Carriages, Harness, &c.

W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RY MILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.
VETERINARY INFIRMARY,



74, NEW-ROAD, GRAVESEND.

Contents of BARKER'S MEDICINE-CHESTS, all necessary Medicines for Horses, Cattle, and Dogs.

No Farm or Stable complete without one.
6 Colic and Grippe Mixtures for Horses and Cattle.
6 Tonics and Stimulating Drinks for Horses.
12 Physic Balls.
12 Diuretic Balls.
12 Calving and Cleansing Dranks for Cows.
2 Bottles of Lotions for Sore Shoulders and Withers.
12 Condition and Cordial Balls.
2 Bottles of White Oils, for Sprains, &c.
1 Bottle of Tincture.
1 Can of "Barker's" celebrated Grease Ointment.
1 Large Pot of Blistering Ointment.
1 Ditto Box of Distemper Pills, for Dogs.
The Whole complete in Case.
Price 5s.

From George Barker, Veterinary Officer to the Borough of Gravesend.

Preventive Drink for Cattle against Foot-and-Mouth Disease, now so prevalent, price 1s. per dozen, with instructions.

AT PACKINGTON HALL, COVENTRY.

VANDERDECKEN (7 yrs), by Saccharometer out of Stolen Moments. Ran third for the St. Leger, won the Liverpool Cup, and many other important races. At 25s.

GUY DAYRELL (aged), by Wild Dayrell out of Reginella. Winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, Stockbridge Cup, and many other races. Thoroughbreds, 6s.; half-breds, 3s.; foaling mares, 21s.; barren mares, 16s. per week.

Good accommodation for mares. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Nearest Station for Packington, Hampton-in-Arden, L.N.W. For any information apply to W. MERCER, Stud Groom.

AT WAREHAM'S FARM, SUTTON-PLACE, GUILDFORD.

THUNDERBOLT. Fifteen Mares, besides his owner's, at 50s a mare, groom's fee included.

THE SPEAKER, by Filbert, dam, Needle, by Camel. Ten Mares, besides his owner's. Thoroughbred Mares at 10s.; Half-bred, 5s.; groom's fee included.

Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. per week. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Apply to Mr. G. PAYNE, Stud Groom, as above.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, **SUFFOLK**, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 16s a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c.

Apply to Mr. W. TAYLOR SHARPE, as above.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey, **CARNIVAL**. Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50s. The subscription to this horse is full.

GEORGE FREDERICK. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 60s. The subscription to this horse is full.

CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40s.

WILD OATS. Thirty-five mares, at 25s.

CHATTANOOGA (sire of Wellington and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacanora, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 16s.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week; barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH.

A STEROID (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10s. and 10s. the groom.

HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE. **CARDINAL YORK**, by Newminster.

Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40s each.

PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20s each.

Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30s a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full.

Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50s a Mare. MUSKET, at 40s a Mare.

Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. Scott, as above.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham. Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs. **STENTOR** (sire of Absalon and Salmingondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs.

EDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

STALLIONS.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, by West Australian, out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c.) Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s. the groom.

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Vistor—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless previously sold.

All Tattersalls for thorough-bred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern.

All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Blumenthal, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragone—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo. At 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom. The subscription to this horse is nearly full.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. At 10 gs, and 10s. the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Gaughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dallimore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

AT ALWALTON, PETERBOROUGH.

MONTAGNARD (bred in France), by Fitz-Gladiator out of Milwood, by Sir Hercules; thoroughbred mares at £5 5s.; half-breds at half price.

Mares at 11s. a week; with corn, at 16s.

Apply to C. KIRK, Alwalton, Peterborough; or Mr. Core, Angel Inn, Peterborough.

AT MYTON STUD FARM, NEAR YORK.

SYRIAN. A limited number of mares at 10gs; groom's fee, 10s.

BLUEMANTLE. Thoroughbreds, 5gs and 10s. the groom; half-breds, 2gs and 5s. the groom.

SHEPHERD F. KNAPP, the famous trotter, at 10gs and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY, Myton, Helperton, York.

AT OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S-BUSH (Three Miles from Albert-gate).

MARSYAS (Sire of Albert Victor, George Frederick, &c.), a chestnut horse, by Orlando out of Malibran, by Whisker. A limited number of mares, at 50gs each (groom's fee included).

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

Apply to D. Dallimore, Stud Groom.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

SPECULUM. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

MARYDOM, at 10gs; Groom's fee, 10s.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Apply to JOHN HUBY, Stud Groom, as above.

TREBLE-GRIP BREECH-LOADER, with Improved LARGE-HEADED STRIKERS (See "The Field," July 10, 1875). Plain, Modified, and Full Choke-bored Barrels. Price list on application.

GREATEST PENETRATION.—The Greatest Penetration of "The Field" Wear-and-Tear Trial was made by my Gun (See "Field," June 1, 1875). Also the three highest unselected average pattern scores on record.

EXPRESS RIFLES, fine quality, £25 and £30.

CHAS. H. MALEHAM, Gun and Rifle Maker, Sheffield.

CENTRAL-FIRE GUNS or RIFLES.

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EXPRESS DOUBLE RIFLES, .577 bore, carrying 6ds. of powder, from 25gs. Also of other sizes, .500, .450, and .360 bores. All our Rifles and Guns are carefully shot, and trials solicited.

Price-Lists on application.

E. M. REILLY and CO., 502, New Oxford-street, London.

Branches: 315, Oxford-street, London; and 2, Rue Scribe, Paris.

NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS, 98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

JOHN RIGBY & CO., GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, (ESTABLISHED 1770), are now manufacturing to order

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8. 0—A. Bennett	Richards
9.30—Stanley	Taylor

THURSDAY.



THE BOOK-WORM.

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Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876.

DURING the last few weeks a horrible system of poisoning dogs has prevailed in certain suburban localities, and the infamous practice still continues, in spite of increased precautions and in the face of handsome rewards offered for the conviction of the offender. We use this word in the singular number advisedly, because it is quite beyond conception that the dastardly spirit which dictates these outrages can animate more than one inhuman breast. The dog is even more of a companion and a friend than the horse, though he may not rank quite so high in the general estimation of sportsmen, and the comparatively easy method of placing poison in his way only adds to the enormity of the offence of compassing his destruction. The systematic manner in which this has been carried on, and the gradual invasion of fresh districts by this Palmer among our pets, shows clearly enough that operations are conducted by a very limited clique of conspirators, even if the offence is not confined to a single malefactor. By a refinement of cruelty and mischief, the finest specimens of the canine family appear to have been singled out by the poisoner on which to practise his fatal arts; and the utmost pains seem to have been taken in certain cases to ensure the death of his victims. We hear of cases at Richmond illustrating this phase of the wholesale slaughter which began in these parts, and the more jealously guarded the favourite has been, the more patience and ingenuity has been shown in the work of destruction. The pets of the household have come home to die in the arms of bereaved masters and mistresses; and as yet the miscreant operator has managed to escape observation, though he could not presumably carry on his revolting business without at least some clue to his identity being discovered, connecting him with purchase of the poison, or with the locality where his black deeds have become so painfully manifest. Mongrels and curs of low degree seem to have escaped the fate of their more highly-bred relatives; and we hear of no cases of sudden death among the feline or feathered tribes which are in the habit of picking up unconsidered trifles in the highways and hedges. The poison, therefore, must be, in most cases, almost personally administered; and it seems passing strange, with the police ever on the alert, aided and abetted by an imposing force of indignant owners of

murdered favourites, and with a large reward offered, that nothing has yet been brought to light offering a solution of the mystery. Watches have been set and traps laid with infinite skill and adroitness, but with the same lamentable failure to bring the perpetrators of this wanton destruction to justice; and, meantime, owners of valuable dogs are devising all manner of expedients for ensuring their safety against the fatal morsel carrying instant death. Strychnine has been the destroying agent in all cases where any steps have been taken to ascertain the cause of death; and, inasmuch as a large quantity must have been expended in dispatching so many animals, it seems almost beyond belief that a single individual could have procured the necessary amount without exciting suspicion in the minds of purveyors of such destructive chemicals. Occasionally, when a dose has failed owing to insufficient strength, the unfortunate dog has exhibited all the painful symptoms of tetanus, the effects of which must in most cases lead up to that "happy dispatch" which terminates the sufferings of the hapless victim. Strangely enough, the hunting season just concluded has not been without its chapter of horrors in the frequent cases of poisoned hounds, though this can hardly be referred to the same sources from which have proceeded the barbarous massacre of household pets. Direct malice may be instrumental in laying poison for fox-hounds, and discoveries have been made in some of these cases implicating individuals known to bear a grudge against certain members of a hunt; while there is reason to believe that in most instances the poison-tainted rabbit was intended for reynard instead of his pursuers. But where dogs of all sizes, ages, and sexes are promiscuously slaughtered in the neighbourhood of London, it becomes difficult indeed to assign motives for the action, which can only be attributed to a madman, or to one actuated by the most malevolent designs. We cannot imagine insanity taking this devilish shape without the certainty of instant detection, for the lunatic never fails to leave obvious loopholes for discovery while running his headlong course. Madness may have its method, but hardly to the extent evidenced by the recent systematic destruction of dogs; so that we must endeavour to imagine a character influenced by the most malign and diabolical conceptions.

Beside such a reprobate, Nero and Herod must show as positive angels of light, for the cruelties of these monsters had, at least, some object in view; but a more aimless, wanton project than an invasion of one of the most interesting provinces of the animal kingdom we cannot conceive. The souls of philanthropists and of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be stirred to their inmost depths; and we trust that the malefactor may not escape, in the end, his well-merited punishment. We are not quite certain, by-the-way, what form this may take, though we fear it will generally be considered grossly inadequate for the enormity of the offence. We may add that in other places, on previous occasions, there has been suspicious mortality among our canine friends, but never to the same extent as that which has recently caused such a sensation in the southern and western metropolitan districts. We think that by more united action and greater publicity the miscreant might yet meet with discovery and punishment. He must be in the flesh, and watching his opportunity in the midst of us, almost placing the poisoned meat in the mouths of our hearth-side favourites, and hanging about their daily haunts. We do not envy the wretch his fate should he be caught red handed, and should the rumour of his capture get wind in a neighbourhood roused to indignant fury by his dastardly outrages. Hanging would be considered vastly too good for him, and the police might consent to hold aloof until some measure of Lynch law had been dealt out to the culprit. Unfortunately, owing, perhaps, to the somewhat sentimental nature of the grievance, public feeling has not yet been sufficiently excited to cause the authorities to take the matter up in earnest, and, though attention has been directed to the existence of this nefarious practice in the public prints, it has not attracted the attention it deserves. Let the owners of dogs in the districts which have lately suffered from the visitation of this poisoner unite to increase the already handsome reward for his discovery; for, though the wretch may work single-handed, it is hardly possible that he can be without accomplices of some sort to assist him in carrying out his policy of extermination. It is not like a choleraic miasma floating in the air, or some unseen influence shooting its arrows in the darkness. Cadgers, beggars, and tramps are most of them marked men, and recognisable at once by the police authorities, who, in default of previous knowledge, are quick enough in discovering the antecedents of strange intruders. It is a shame and a scandal that these things should exist "in a Christian country," and we heartily support the appeal which has been made in other columns for assistance in discovering and bringing to justice the perpetrators of cruelty to an animal which, more than any other, appeals to our sense of kindness and protection.

THE RISING TALENT AT LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL.

The Tathwell Stakes at Lincoln gave us our first glimpse of the two-year-olds of '76, and a Scottish Chief filly had the honour of leading off in honours. She is a very neat, racing-like youngster, not by any means on the large side, but just one of those precocious juveniles who do their best things early in the season. Her dam, Carita, is by Adventurer out of mare Melbourne, quite an orthodox cross in itself, but still further strengthened by a second infusion of Touchstone blood, united with that of Pantaloan through Fair Helen, dam of Scottish Chief's progenitor, Lord of the Isles. Cesaron, too, is a gentleman all over, but cast in a similar mould to his sire, who was a model of lightness and elasticity; in fact, inheriting but little of the Stockwell character. His dam, Quality, is by Voltigeur out of a Sweetmeat mare, and has previously bred nothing of any note. The rest were nothing much to boast of and The Drake does not seem to have suited the speedy Travola at all; while Pernambuco will probably turn out only a gay deceiver. The Brocklesby showed us metal far more attractive, and if Midlothian fails to hold his own during the season then we shall put down the two-year-olds as a lot decidedly above the average. We quite believe him to be by Strathconan, as there is little or nothing of "old Rat" about him, and the

venerable chestnut never succeeded in fairly stunting a mo during his last season at Tickhill. Lufra promises to dev into quite a celebrity at the stud, as Lowlander and Austerlitz have both shown good form both on the flat and between the flags. Lufra is one of the few Windhound mares left among us; and, in addition to her Pantaloan descent, traces back to the stout and speedy strains of Lanercost and Velocipede. Midlothian, however, looks more like fulfilling a brilliant two-year-old career than developing into a Derby winner. There is a set, finished look about him, which almost forbids the hope of his continuance in well doing as a three-year-old. Rosy Cross, his near attendant home, is a very handsome, smart filly, with better things in store for her. She is the first foal of Inquisition, in the Buckland Stud, a very grand mare; and her King of the Forest colt will require no forcing down people's throats next July. Rosy Cross, like most of the Rosicrucians, shows more cleverness and quality than size; but she has true action, and ran gamely enough when the final call was made. Her dam, Inquisition, was formerly in the French stable, and was got by St. Albans out of old Torment, the corner-stone of Mr. Waring's stud. Scotch Reel is nothing like so neat or racing-like as her elder sister, Highland Fling; but she may pay her way if not too ambitiously placed, and has the excuse of not being quite wound up to concert-pitch. Delicacy is a real beauty, though not built on a very large scale, and for the sake of her sire, Cardinal York, who is an especial favourite of ours, we should have been glad to see Robert Peck leading her back a winner. However, her day of grace is surely near at hand, and next September we certainly shall not see the young Cardinals going begging round the Doncaster sale-ring. Red Gauntlet is much such another animal as his brother Rosinante, and it struck us that he did not altogether run kindly at the finish, when Wood asked him to keep his place with the leaders. The Canzonette colt ran very fast, and we well recollect Mr. Blenkiron calling our attention to him last year at Middle Park, when he certainly was one of the smartest-actioned youngsters in the paddocks. Diplomacy is undoubtedly by The Palmer, though not altogether a favourable specimen of the Neasham Hall horse's stock; and Queen of Spades is another of those incapables, the fair but false General Peels. Cymbal has not been long in making his mark with Plaisante, out of a Gladiateur mare, so that the Rataplan-Kettledrum succession may not come to an untimely end after all, and the mares begotten by the mighty Frenchman may redeem his reproach as the most lamentable stud failure of modern times. Plaisante had her work cut out to settle Caesarion in the Lincoln Cup; but her victory considerably enhanced the Brocklesby form, the truth of which was indirectly proved by the running of Marguillier, Canzonette colt, and Merry Music. "Little Lecturer" made another very substantial bid for popularity at Liverpool, when Lady of the Lea should have won the first time of asking, had not Archer made too sure of success. Now that it has been pretty conclusively proved that King Tom mares are suitable mates for Lecturer, they must regret his departure from Mentmore, where no one was sorrier to part with him than Markham, who always had a good word for the "Colsterdale pony." Said a breeder to us this spring, "Looking through the *Calendar*, far and away the cheapest stallion is Lecturer;" and they will do well to keep him in Yorkshire, where he is certain to get plenty of the right sort of mares. We have not too much of the Lanercost blood left among us, and Lecturer is quite worthy to be head of the house. Polly Craven is one of the Dewhurst beauties, and out of one of Mr. Gee's platoon of Stockwell mares, though not one of the high-priced ones, being a last lot, and in this case a lucky one for Mr. Taylor Sharpe. Stockade had been, as poor "Argus" used to say, "rather petted and messed about" before she came to Dewhurst, and Polly Craven is her first produce of any note. Cinderella is a Cobhamite, and was picked up rather a bargain, considering her parentage, by Ansley of Epsom, who will convert her into a most useful member of a stable which is content to fly at the smaller game of the turf. We had hoped for better things from the Lady Dot colt, but he always lacked size in our judgment, and we do not expect to hear of him improving very much on his Liverpool form. There was nothing very gaudy about the widely scattered field behind the dead-heaters, though Prior of Prado may see a better day, and Warrenby is bound to improve upon the exceedingly moderate form of his first essay in public. Taking the two-year-olds which opened the season altogether, they may, we think, be fairly set down as a superior class to those which made their debuts at Lincoln and Liverpool in 1875, although the winter cannot be regarded as one specially favourable for early training operations. Newmarket now absorbs so large a proportion of the total number of horses in training, that it was no wonder for her to have secured the lion's share of good things.

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP WINNER.

At first sight (and first impressions are generally the best) we should proclaim Controversy to be a son of The Miner, though Lambton seems to be more generally accepted as his sire. He is altogether too big and, we were going to say, unwieldy a horse to have been begotten by a son of The Cure. To our eye there is a look of Rataplan about him, though this resemblance may be explained away by the fact that his dam, Lady Caroline, is out of a daughter of Stockwell. So far, Lady Caroline has not done much to make her name famous in breeding annals. Bred by Mr. Greville, who was transferred to Lord Derby's stud while in foal to Young Melbourne, and was subsequently put to Cape Flyaway for four seasons, but produced to that fiery son of the Dutchman nothing of any racing note. When, at Lord Derby's death, his stud was dispersed, Lady Caroline was purchased by Mr. Ashton, and naturally was allotted to the horses then standing at Lowstreet Stud Farm, where Controversy was foaled. Lady Caroline was got by Orlando out of Lady Blanche by Stockwell out of Clementina by Venison, so that her blood is fashionable enough, though not a very common admixture. The annals of the Lincoln Handicap do not point to many illustrious names upon the roll-call of winners. For the most part, we find lightly-weighted four, five, and six year olds returned as victorious; and in a long list of nonentities—worthily brought to a finish by Controversy—we stumble across but few names of mark at the stud. Gaily is dam of Organist, and with her the celebrities of the catalogue begin and end. We can hardly fancy that Controversy will long be able to sustain his elevation above the rank of platters, from which he has temporarily emerged. Served by his lightweight and strong frame, he won easily enough, but he will be more at home leading All Heart and Father Claret than in good company abroad. That he belongs to a good sportsman, and is trained by so excellent a master of his art as James Dover, is some small consolation; but he is not exactly the sort of horse of which we may be proud in a national point of view; and we must regret that the opening race of importance has fallen to the lot of such a doubtful character (in more senses than one) as this lucky servant-of-all-work.

THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER.

It is not often that we find so "terribly high-bred" an animal as Regal descending, at a comparatively early age,

from his high estate to mingle with the ranks of steeplechasers. If Saunterer has so far disappointed his patrons as to have begotten no son worthy of his high reputation to succeed him, he may, at least in his old age, claim to have made his mark as sire of a Grand National winner. Only the other day, when turning to leave Saunterer's box, Mr. Blenkiroon was speaking of Regal's Liverpool prospects, and gave us a tip, of which we should have done well to avail ourselves. Like most candidates for cross-country honours, Regal's turf career was not distinguished for its brilliancy, but it is not improbable that temper stood in the way of distinction, and that he might have done better had he chosen. This has been rather the failing of Saunterer's stock, who have for the most part been afflicted with uncertain temperaments, not consenting to put their best feet foremost upon all occasions. Strange to say, many horses who have lost fortunes for their owners by declining to try upon the flat, have fully redeemed their reputations and the losses of their stables when called upon to perform between the flags. Rips and jades have been converted into reformed characters when required to negotiate a country, as we have many instances to show, though we are quite unable to account for the change which comes over them under altered circumstances. Here and there among Grand National winners we meet with a fine pedigree, but the union of a Goodwood Cup winner with a victress in the Oaks may occur many times without the result of such an alliance being called upon to figure in the so-called illegitimate business. Regal takes far more after "Matt's black," as Saunterer was familiarly termed, than his dam Regalia, and with his double cross of Birdcatcher blood it would be strange if he did not exhibit some of the leading characteristics of that family. Captain Machell took a fancy to the black early in life, and by his aid has won his third Grand National, this time with his own trainer in the saddle, while to Jewitt was intrusted the task of piloting the favourite, Chando. The Captain must be reckoned a fortunate individual indeed, with two animals good enough to win, and the 25 to 1 chance coming off upon the failure of his first string. We shall hear a great deal of grumbling about the result, and much ado will be made about "ringing the changes," and profit made out of the long odds. But the public, with pockets turned inside out, must hold their tongues, and pray for better luck next time, abstaining from hard words, even though it be pain and grief to them. Racing seers and compilers of "sporting articles" have had an especially hard time of it, so far as the great handicaps at Lincoln and Liverpool are concerned; and the critics who took exception to the course we have elected to pursue in declining to retain a "prophet" for our establishment must have heartily wished themselves in the same independent situation. However, we are as willing to give as we are ready to take these harmless blows in good part; and our contemporaries have half atoned for their shortcomings by eating the leek right humbly. We are pleased to be able to record highly successful meetings at both the above centres of sport, though we learn that "Jenkins" withheld the light of his countenance from the fair capital, but burst in all his liveried glory and radiance of gold lace upon awe-struck dwellers by the Mersey.

A SPORTING TRIP TO INDIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

NO. X.

Ahmedabad.

AFTER rather more than six weeks' capital sport, I have at length returned to Ahmedabad, and so completed the circle, or, to speak more correctly, the triangle, the three points of which have been Ahmedabad, Palitana, and Wudwan. The whole distance over which I have travelled, camped, and shot has been about 300 miles, during which I pitched my tent exactly twenty times, making an average of fifteen miles for each march.

Taking a retrospect of this "sporting trip," I can heartily recommend it to anyone who is fond of shooting, who has no objection to an outdoor life, and who is willing to put up with the ordinary petty inconveniences of travel. The climate here at this season of the year is perfect, and, while avoiding the bitter cold of an English winter, the visitor is not forced into the opposite extreme. Mild and pleasant days are followed by cool and bracing nights, and the cloudless sky overhead is a continual luxury; in fact, during December, January, and February, the climate of Guzerat may be said to be unrivalled. It must be remembered that I have hastened my journey considerably, and three months might very easily be pleasantly and profitably passed in shooting over a stretch of country through which I have galloped in half that time.

Of course, as far as Ahmedabad the journey from England is mere child's work. In Bombay a good, honest, head native servant may easily be obtained, who can speak and understand English, and who will do everything in the way of preparations and arrangements. Leave all to him, and if he is worth his salt there should be no hitch. The only difficulty that may present itself will be in travelling from camp to camp. Here a person entirely ignorant of the language is apt to find some trouble; but I may add that, though I have a small colloquial knowledge of Hindostani, I know nothing whatever of Guzerati, which is the language of the country, and hence for all practical purposes I was on the same footing as a "griffin" or new comer. Yet I have never found any difficulty in finding my road. There are three ways of travelling from camp to camp for those who do not know the language. Firstly, by obtaining from your servant and writing down the name of every village through which you have to pass on your line of march, and then asking the way from from one place to another, which is easily done by simply mentioning the name of the next village in an interrogatively-toned voice. Secondly, by procuring at each village a "baughy," or guide, who will accompany you and show you the way. The baughy is the lowest-caste man in India, and is a most servile and dirty creature. His calling in life is to sweep the village clean and guide travellers, and he has been facetiously termed "The Knight of the Broomstick." He is not allowed to live in the village, but must build his house in the outskirts. Whenever you want a guide all you have to do is to go to a village and shout out in an impatient and stentorian voice "Baughy, baughy," whereupon the knight will put in an appearance, and, without any preliminary conversation, simply inquire where you want to go to. You mention the place, and he will either accompany you thither or put you on the road. If the former, you must remunerate him with an "honorarium" of a halfpenny for each mile—and that won't ruin you! Thirdly, if you do not care to trust entirely to a code of signs and a language of looks, you can march "kulta, kulta" from camp to camp; that is to say, you can take one of your servants with you and shoot along the road. But this system entails very short marches, and is slow and fatiguing. When you are pushing on to a new halting-place there is nothing like a good brisk ride, doing your fifteen miles in two hours. To walk that distance and stalk game on the way is an arduous task, and riding one's horse at a three-mile-an-hour crawl is, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than walking oneself.

Dhundooka is the first place in the route which I have

mapped out, where really splendid sport can be obtained. There is a "Traveller's Bungalow" there, or a Government house built for the accommodation of officials and others travelling in the district. A charge of 2s. a day is levied during the time you stay there. It is a pleasant change sometimes to have a substantial roof over you instead of a canvas covering. At Whayer, a place about seven or eight miles from here, there is capital fishing in the river. Nets and fishermen can be obtained in Dhundooka itself, and threepence each, with the surplus fish which you don't want, is an ample "honorarium" for them. I went one day with four nets and nine men, and we caught between three and four hundred fish. I would recommend a halt of at least a week in the Dhundooka bungalow, and there will be found enough shooting and fishing to amply fill up the programme of each day.

Piprali—three stages on from Dhundooka—is also a good place for a lengthened stay. Arrived here you have left Guzerat and are in Kathiawar. The village itself is a small one, situated on the banks of a river in the territory of the Thakor of Bhownuggur; but there is a splendid camping-spot there under a magnificent clump of trees. The hare, quail, and partridge shooting here is capital, and the chinkara that abound all around afford splendid sport. There is fair fishing, too, in the river; but it is only the small fish in these parts that will take a hook. A fishing-net, which can be bought for 6s. or 7s., is an almost indispensable item in the camp outfit.

The third good "centre," where I would recommend a stay of a week or ten days, is Raupur, in Guzerat, which is the sixth stage from Piprali. There is a superb free bungalow there, built on an island in the middle of the river, which is, without exception, one of the most delightful Indian houses that I have ever entered. Go where you will at Raupur—north, south, east, or west—there is splendid sport to be obtained. There are plenty of culum, too, in the neighbourhood, that come thrice a day to the river to drink. A well-placed ambush and a well-directed shot of B.B., and you have half a dozen of them. The feathers on the breast are very fine, and form a very acceptable present to lady friends; as also the wings of the jay, kingfisher, and rock-grouse, which make unique, pretty, and "chaste" (as my London landlady would say) ornaments for hats.

Wudwan, the terminus of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway, is within thirty miles of Raupur, and from thence Ahmedabad can be reached in six hours. But if the traveller is fond of wild-duck shooting, he will do well to tramp across instead of going by train. Half way on the direct road between Wudwan and Ahmedabad is the Null—a vast sheet of water, and the home of countless water-fowl. The sport met there is rather precarious, but wonderful bags have been made and will be made by those whom fortune favours. Round about, too, notably at Tulsana and Jahar, there are villages with large tanks, to which the ducks often pay visits, and on the marshy banks of which good snipe-shooting may be obtained, as I mentioned in my last. At the Null there is capital fishing.

Dhundooka is the only place upon this road where there are any buck. At Sanund, fifteen miles from Ahmedabad, the hare, partridge, and quail-shooting is unsurpassed. There is a good show of big game there as well; but it is awfully wild, especially about Christmas time, when holiday parties come up from Bombay and commit great havoc.

I may here mention the result of my own shooting. I do not care to go into these personal details, but I append them in order to show the bag that a very moderate marksman can make—but one who has never gone in for indiscriminate slaughter. I have no hesitation in saying that a good shot could kill twice, thrice, and even four times the amount of game that I have. As for small game, I own with a blush that I now never even aim at a quail, because I find that the expenditure of ammunition is in no way repaid by the birds I knock over when that startlingly swift biped is the object of my ambition. With my rifle I have had 199 shots, and bagged 31 buck, 3 does, 7 bluebull and neilgai, and 8 chinkara. Bullet No. 200 was never discharged—I feared to spoil my average! And it's bad enough as it is. Of small game I have shot about 75 brace—chiefly duck, teal, and rock grouse, but including (excuse a smile of conscious pride passing over my face while I write it) three quail! And yet methinks I know a man—one of the crack shots out here—who bagged 47½ brace in two hours one fine morning! Still the reminiscence of my three graces is very precious: though, as an honourable man, I must add that I am certain the three shots were *flukes!* which accounts, perhaps, for my being very small potatoes in this line.

A blackbuck is by no means a very easy animal to shoot. His depth of girth is only about 15in, and his length about 3ft. One never misses a blackbuck to the right or left (except when he is running), but always over or under. For this sort of shooting a rifle should be very delicately sighted, and I would recommend that especial attention be paid to this point, which will save a great deal of trouble and disappointment. No one should be too sanguine at first, for it takes a least a week to get into the regular swing of blackbuck-shooting. But, when once the eye is in and the focus obtained, if you have got a good weapon and meet the "lordly antlered antelope," God help him!

Finally, let me sum up in a few short words the result of my experience in this "Sporting Trip." I consider it a perfectly practicable one for any gentleman, even though he has had no experience whatever of district life and travelling. A good head servant is the answer to the problem of how it is to be carried through successfully. The usual heat, hardships, and dangers inseparable to Indian life, when regarded from an English point of view, are conspicuous by their absence; and the timid man need have no fear of snakes, scorpions, or centipedes, for he will never see one. As for cholera and the other ills to which man's flesh is heir, I would beg to remark, as did a certain great and profound authority, whose name I forget, Fudge! This is the *winter* season in India; in the hot weather it is a different thing altogether. And, believe me, in a fine climate such as this is during the months of December, January, and February, and in a country teeming with game, the sportsman will find a congenial soil, with no game-licenses, gun-licenses, heavily-feed keepers, and empty bags to haunt his slumbers.

NO. XI.

As I mentioned in my last, I shall devote this letter entirely to showing in black and white the expense of such a sporting-trip as I have been describing for the last few weeks. I will premise by saying that, though pecuniary prudence has been a *sine qua non* with me, I have never avoided the Scylla of extravagance only to get stranded on the Charybdis of stint.

And I will boldly assert, before going into details, that such a trip may be done for £200—and done comfortably. And, furthermore, this sum will include the purchase of firearms, horse, saddle, and camp kit, together with a first-class return passage by steamer from Liverpool to Bombay. Travelling second class will make the total expense less by some £40; or, in other words, for a sum of £160 (being a daily average expenditure of £1 6s. 8d.) anyone may shoot, fish, ride, enjoy himself thoroughly, and see not a little of the world for the space of four months. Even Continental travelling entails an expense

of a pound a day. Are not the extra charms of the East worth the extra expense? As a celebrated African explorer has said, "Gentlemen, here is your opportunity—embrace it;" and no extra charge for doing a little in the missionary line; with perfect immunity of peril from the cassowary.

First comes the outfit; and for a sporting trip one naturally begins with the armoury.

A double-barrel express rifle	£25
A double-barrel gun, 12-bore	15
Ammunition and cartridges	10
	£50

Rather a startling total, I admit; but this will include all paraphernalia for re-capping and re-loading empty cartridges. Two hundred and fifty rifle cartridges will be ample, as they can be re-loaded four or five times each, if necessary. It is advisable that your gun should be a 12-bore, because, in case through any accident you fall short of cartridges, that is the easiest size to get in India. Your store should consist of 100 loaded with B.B. shot, 100 of No. 3, 150 of No. 5, and 150 of No. 9, respectively for culum, duck, partridge and hare, quail and snipe. You will probably have to re-load most of them again, if you are fond of small-game shooting; for in a good spot it is very easy to blaze away fifty cartridges of a morning or evening. Deer stalking and shooting is, perhaps, the most substantial work; but for fast, furious, and exciting fun, commend me to a good patch of scrub, or the nice marshy edges of a tank.

I have got both my rifle and gun from Reilly, of Oxford-street; and I can recommend his weapons as being first rate. I may mention that I have had no difficulty in finding a pur-chaser for the former, and I shall receive back the same price as I paid for it first, when I am ready to part with it. As I mentioned long ago, there is no difficulty in disposing of a gun made by a good and well-known maker, the name alone being always a passport for its excellence.

The next item is the saddle and bridle. A second-hand one will answer the purpose every bit as well as a new one, and a five-pound note ought to cover all expenses, including a packing-case. A plain snaffle bit—or, if you prefer it, a Pelham—is the best, since Arab and country-bred horses have tender mouths as a general rule. The saddle-case should be provided with hinges, so as to be able to utilise it in travelling.

There are many things much cheaper in India than they are in England, and, in like manner, there are others much more expensive. All European stores, for instance, are taxed from 25 to 100 per cent by the Oriental shopkeeper. For gunpowder and shot a perfectly fabulous sum is demanded. It is a difficult matter to say which is the most unpalatable in India, the wine or the price you pay for it. English preserves and the like become pre-Adamite, so to speak, before they are eaten, and, though they don't improve by keeping, like wine, they are priced, it would seem, on that principle. Biscuits having passed a monsoon in India develop a mild flavour of mildew, which, though delicate, is disagreeable. Beer certainly is good, and so it ought to be at the figure charged. Soda-water alone flits into the scene like a redeeming angel, and stays the sweeping anathema trembling on one's lips. It costs from one to two shillings per dozen, and, though it is not your true exhilarating sharp liquid that picks one up quicker than a beggar does a coin, you can swallow a good many gallons of the aerated water (for such it really is) without exploding.

I would therefore advise the "Tripper" to provide himself with two strong boxes, one of which will contain his stores, such as tea, coffee, preserves, biscuits (you can't get bread in the jungle, but have to eat chappatis), &c., and the other his wine, say a dozen of brandy and a dozen of sherry, which should be ample for two months. Put this down at £10.

The wardrobe part of the outfit I will not go into, for each person must please himself. A pair of waterproof knee-boots and a snuff-coloured shooting-suit are necessary. The cold weather in Guzerat is a stern reality, and a greatcoat and a couple of thick rugs will not be out of place. For the middle of the day a light ordinary summer suit.

Then, £10 must be allowed for the purchase of a sun-helmet (2ls.), a good filter (a very important item); a few enamel plates, dishes, and cups, and some knives, forks, spoons, &c. Sheets, pillows, and towels must not be forgotten; but these, I apprehend, everyone possesses. Thus much for the outfit, which will stand thus:

Firearms	£50
Saddle and bridle	5
Stores and wine	10
Filter, helmet, &c.	10

£75

Next comes the passage-money. I can recommend the Anchor Line of Liverpool as one of the best, and certainly the cheapest. A return-passage first class from Liverpool to Bombay by that line costs £80, and second class £42. Let us take the latter (it is easy to add on £38 to the total in the other case), and that brings the expense up to £117, leaving £83 in hand.

Take this latter sum out in gold—no bank-notes or draughts, but the real metal. A sovereign in Bombay will often fetch eleven rupees if the rate of exchange is favourable, but never less than ten rupees and a half at this season of the year; and so you gain, or seem to gain, two shillings on every pound when you come to change your money. It is hardly necessary to say that you should do this latter at a bank; for, unless you wish to get cheated, don't give in to the persuasive eloquence of a polite Parsee, who will probably board your steamer as she enters Bombay harbour and offer you "the very highest price, oh, yes, Sah! the very highest price," for your English gold.

For your £80 (your wine bill on board will come to £3) you ought to get, at a fair average, 850 rupees. Your landing and Customs expenses will, at the outside, not be more than 50 rupees, and three days' stay at Bombay (during which time you engage a head servant) cannot possibly cost you more than another fifty. There are plenty of hotels to go to—Watson's, in a central position of the "fort," or city, of Bombay, is the handiest, but it is expensive (17s. 6d. per diem)—the Byculla and Adelphi, both about four miles out, are comfortable and reasonable; but the distance from the city is a great drawback. Of course, there are many others, but I mention these three as being the leading ones.

To continue. You send your servant and luggage up to Ahmedabad one day and follow yourself the next. This will cost you (second class) about 25 rupees, but I would rather pay ten more and go first. A rupee is, as everyone knows, nominally two shillings, and ten go to the pound. This by way of simplification.

Arrived in Ahmedabad, you put up at the railway station, and your servant hires two tents, a bed, table, chair, and washing-stand. The outside price for these should be 25 rupees a month. He expends 50 rupees in "kitchen" stores, and engages a cook for fourteen, a ghorawallah (or horsekeeper) for nine, and a sepoy for nine rupees a month, which, with his own pay of eighteen, makes the expense of domestics exactly





M. MARIUS, AS ROLAND-DE-RONCEVAUX-RAMPONNEAU IN "NEMESIS."

Sept 1846
J. J. G.

50 rupees a month. A good country-bred pony ought readily to be obtained for one hundred; but don't pretend to be in a hurry to get off shooting, or you'll probably have to pay 120!

By this time you are ready to start. Your actual expenses in the jungle ought not to be more than 150 rupees a month, which will include hire of bullock-carts for travelling and the usual items, such as milk, wood, butter, hay, and "grain" for your horse. But, to be on the safe side, let us put it down at 200 rupees. Lastly, your railway back to Bombay will be 25 rupees, and so home. To add all this up:

Outfit	£75
Passage	42
Landing expenses.....	5 (50 rupees.)
Bombay hotel expenses	5 (50 rupees.)
Return railway fare.....	5 (50 rupees.)
Two months' hire of tents and furniture	5 (50 rupees.)
Wages of four servants for two months, at £50 rupees per mensem	10 (100 rupees.)
"Kitchin" stores.....	5 (50 rupees.)
Horse	10 (100 rupees.)
Two months' living, at 200 rupees per mensem	40 (400 rupees.)
Wine bill on board	3
	205

The extra £5 you nominally gain by changing your English gold.

You have now in hand your rifle, gun, horse, saddle, and a few smaller articles of camp kit. These have cost you about £60. As they are of no further use to you, you naturally dispose of them; and if any man refuses to give you £40 for the whole lot, even as a mere speculation, that man is a lost fool! But, joking apart, these things ought to bring you, at the very least, that sum; and, deducting that from £200, you have your "sporting trip to India" for £160; or, if you travel first class, for £198.

THE BIG GAME OF NORWAY.

By "STRAXT."

THE REINDEER—(continued).

THE first of August is, as I have mentioned in a previous paper, the date of the commencement of the reindeer-hunting season in Norway, and though you may keep on at it without infringing the law for eight months after that date, it will be found, as a rule, for many reasons, that the sport is practically limited to the first two or three months of the period allowed. What with shortening days and the probability of being snowed-up, few men care to stay up-country very late in the year. Besides, although there is hardly any sport which can be said to compare with reindeer-hunting, it is always possible to have too much of a good thing; and, in addition to this, most sportsmen generally find that, whether they are men of business or men who might, in the language of the police-courts, be described as "of no occupation," the season named above suits them best when they want to get away from home in search of sport.

The equipment for the fjords is pretty much the same as that already described in a previous paper as suitable for the woods. The work, however, is different in many ways, and there is much more "roughing it," as may easily be imagined. The habitat of the reindeer is so much further beyond the verge of civilisation than that of most wild animals, and the character of the *terrain* over which he wanders makes it such "a hard road to travel," that no one should start on an expedition to the high fjords unless he has made up his mind to go in for hard work and short rations. He must also be provided with a large stock of patience, and able to believe, like a philosopher, in the glorious uncertainty of the sport as something in its favour when he meets with disappointment. There is a great difference between the manner in which the same animal is hunted in different countries; and this difference, as a rule, arises from the different circumstances of each case. In the case of the reindeer of Norway and the cariboo of North America this difference is most noticeable in connection with the arrangements for living under canvas and the commissariat department. In North America a "camp," as it is called, is always situated where there is abundance of timber, mostly of the fir species: and thus there is always any amount of firewood handy, while the smaller boughs form a most excellent substitute for a spring mattress. The cariboo-hunter in Canada, though he has to rough it just as much as the reindeer-hunter in Norway, has this pull over him, as the latter has to go to look for his game not only beyond the limit of the fir, but beyond that of the birch. The consequence is that cookery on the fjords is necessarily of the simplest and most limited description, and in some cases is all but out of the question. Most of the *impedimenta* must further be carried on one's back for some distance until a satisfactory spot for camping out is reached; though, so far as it is feasible, you take a horse to carry your tent and heavier baggage. But each particular district must be dealt with according to its own particular capabilities. Sometimes you may be fortunate enough to secure the shelter of a friendly scoter, and the best thing to do in that case is to decline to avail yourself of your opportunities beyond fortifying the inner man with anything available in the way of *fladbröd* and milk, beyond which commodities it is as well to expect nothing calculated to sustain life. But on no account sleep in a scoter if you can possibly help it. I may possibly be using the word *sleep* unadvisedly; but I must be understood to mean going to bed with the intention of going to sleep. Sleep, as "Nature's sweet restorer," the "balmy" so appreciated by Mr. Swiveller, is not to be had in a Norwegian scoter under any circumstances within my knowledge. *Crede experto.* I know it's the proper thing to ignore the disagreeables which are almost universally attendant on anything sufficiently national and peculiar to be acknowledged as an institution of any foreign country. I know that I'm not doing my duty by my guide-book when I fail to follow the advice, which amounts almost to a species of command, "Half a mile to the right are some scoters which the tourist should not fail to visit," or something to that effect. But my first experience of a scoter was more than enough to last me for a lifetime, though I have many times since the occasion had to avail myself of one.

Misfortune makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows, says the proverb; but such bedfellows as make up the parasitic portion of the population of an average Norwegian scoter are more than strange. As Artemus Ward observed of something for whose existence he was unable to account to his own satisfaction, I can only conclude that these pests were "created for some wise purpose, but it's mighty hard to see it." Possibly for the benefit of Mr. Darwin, or to give Sir John Lubbock an opportunity of writing an interesting monograph. However, the native of Norway is not over particular; and, if you pitch your tent in the neighbourhood of a scoter, you will find that your hunter will have no objection to take up his quarters there, thereby giving you and your probable companion more room to stretch your legs. In certain districts you may just as well camp out; that is, pitch your tent, with the intention of returning to it every night, in the

immediate neighbourhood of the nearest village, as alongside a scoter; but it is always an advantage, when sport is not hurt by it, if you have a scoter to fall back upon, if merely for the sake of getting food sufficient to keep the human machine going. You are sure to get something that's better than nothing. I remember on one occasion, when up in the fjords in the neighbourhood of Lærdalsøren, after a day of intense heat and weary and unsuccessful travelling, finding myself late in the neighbourhood of a scoter about as good as scoters generally are in the Bergenstift—which is not, I am sorry to confess, saying very much for them, as they do not bear the best of reputations. My hunter was radiant with delight, and gave me to understand in effect that the place "seemed so familiar to him that he fancied he'd seen it before." When I asked, "Why this enthusiasm? Is it because we can get something to eat there, or what is the matter?" "Flödegroð!" said my friend; but he was so full of the idea that I had to wait till he grew a little calmer before I could get him to pronounce the word sufficiently distinctly for me to understand him. Mentally translating the remark, it struck me that "Cream Porridge" was, though possibly rich and certainly filling, not a bad remedy for the complaint of "sinking"—as, I believe, ladies call it, and from which I was then suffering. Arrived at the scoter, my hunter interchanged a few words with the principal "lady help" of the establishment, who, after having directed a deputy to supply me with a bowl of milk and some *fladbröd*, proceeded to the manufacture of the dish of which this particular scoter, according to the hunter, made a *spécialité*. I rather hold with the idea that

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise,

particularly in the case of the preparation of a dish which one is bound to eat, and the component parts of which may possibly be ambiguous. So I occupied my time in obtaining the best apology for a wash that a neighbouring fall afforded, and in the disestablishment of a couple of golden plover which came in very well for next morning's breakfast. When summoned to the scene of festivity I found a party of four, consisting of an elderly gentleman with long grey hair, a middle-aged female with an air of authority, and a couple of young ladies who would certainly have not satisfied the Arcadian requirements of the authoress of "Feasts on the Fjord." Our party was completed by the arrival of the hunter. We had one common bowl in the midst, and we were each provided with a wooden spoon. Somebody said, "Vær saa god," and the meal proceeded in silence, the members of the party becoming simultaneously "stodged" in less than five minutes. The dish was really not so bad, after all, with the exception of the fact that the husks were left in the meal with which it was made. I only know that I did not want rocking to sleep that night when I had found the lee side of a rock, and I was quite "fit" and ready for breakfast by daybreak the next morning.

DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

NO. III.—MR. TOM TAYLOR.

WHENEVER a criticism of Mr. Tom Taylor's works, as a whole, has been attempted, the question of their originality—that is to say, of the sources from which he has derived his plots—has given rise to much angry discussion. It is a question which we will not here reopen; we will only say that, perhaps, the most successful of all his works, *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Plot and Passion*, and *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing* avowedly owe their plots to other brains than that which gave them dramatic shape—though we must confess our opinion that the precedent of Shakespeare is a full excuse for the dramatist who "borrows" plots instead of inventing them: as long, of course, as he does not deprive others of fame or profit justly theirs.

There is certainly no living author who can point to such a line of solid and legitimate successes as were won by *Still Waters Run Deep*, *An Unequal Match*, *The Fool's Revenge*, *Plot and Passion*, *The Overland Route*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *The Serf*, *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, and *Clancarty*; we doubt, indeed, whether all our other dramatists together, with the exception of Mr. Boucicault, have produced so many thoroughly good acting plays as Mr. Taylor has given us in the twenty years which elapsed between the production of *Still Waters* at the Olympic (May, 1855) and that of *Lady Clancarty* at the same theatre. His failures have been comparatively few—the most disastrous that we recollect was *Won by a Head* (also, if we remember right, called *Won by a Neck*), played at the Queen's some years ago; and against these may well be set off the successful plays he has written in avowed collaboration, in which we may assume that his share has been the careful construction and the adaptation to the stage of the clever but unwieldy conceptions of his less practical colleagues. Of these plays the best known are *Masks and Faces*, written with Mr. Charles Reade, and the admirable comedy, *New Men and Old Acres*—perhaps the most thoroughly well-written play which has been produced these ten years—in which his partner was Mr. Augustus Dubourg.

Mr. Taylor is a north-countryman, and is now in his fifty-ninth year. He distinguished himself at Cambridge (Trinity was his college), whither he went from Glasgow University; and while a very young man was appointed Professor of English Language and Literature at University College, London. In 1845 he was called to the Bar, and a few years later was appointed Assistant-Secretary, and subsequently Secretary to the Board of Health. He has since become well known in other branches of literature besides the dramatic, and has for some years written the art-criticisms of the *Times*. What may be his qualifications for this important post we know not; we have to deal with him only as a writer of plays—in which capacity he has, if a few rivals, certainly no living English equal.

Mr. Tom Taylor's plays are plays; they are to be acted, not read—they do not, in fact, read well; and in acting they can succeed without that delicate perfection of performance absolutely necessary in the works of Robertson and other modern authors. They are none of them strikingly original; but they have solid and strong plots, sensible if not brilliant dialogue, and interesting and fairly probable situations; while their tone is throughout manly and pure, and their characters are living, every-day human beings, whose careers it is possible to follow with love and sympathy.

It may sound like a paradox to say that Tom Taylor's want of originality has kept him from monotony; but it is a curious fact that originality has a tendency to become monotonous in all but the greatest intellects—which is, perhaps, merely another way of saying that only a very great intellect can combine originality and breadth: most clever men can either only do one thing extremely well, or do many things fairly. Thus, Mr. Taylor never wrote anything as entirely new as Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion*; but then he never repeated himself as has Mr. Gilbert, since *Pygmalion*. Victor Hugo is undoubtedly more original than Emile Augier; but his mannerisms are unvarying and often wearisome, while the charm of Augier has the simple variety of nature. (Some people may

think it sacrilege to compare Augier to Hugo; *Ruy Blas* may be greater than *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*—no doubt, is stronger; but, personally, we infinitely prefer the comedy.)

Mr. Taylor does not repeat himself, then, in the common sense of the word; he has, indeed, no particular style, nor any fondness for a special period or effect, which could well be imitated either by himself or others. What he does repeat is his sound and mature, if not strikingly neat, stage-construction; his healthy and sufficient plots; and his plain, commonsense, somewhat prosy dialogue. In story and characters, no plays could be more unlike than *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Overland Route*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, and *'Twixt Axe and Crown*; and this, no doubt, arises in great measure from his taking his plots from all sources, instead of inventing them all himself. When the story, characters, and dialogue of twenty plays are all evolved from one brain, a good deal of repetition of style and subject is almost unavoidable.

There is no genius in Mr. Taylor's dramas—only a thoroughly solid and satisfactory combination of talent, knowledge of the stage, judgment, and manly moral sense and feeling. They are very honest plays—their author knows a situation of strong human interest when he sees it, and he expresses plainly the feelings of the characters concerned in it, so that we are interested and sometimes deeply touched. In the bed-room scene in *Clancarty* his clear, plain language almost rose to the simplicity which is the highest poetry—and again at the end of the second act of *Archwright's Wife* an admirable play, (written by Mr. Taylor conjointly with Mr. John Saunders); but we do not imagine that either scene would read as well as it acts—Mr. Taylor's dialogue, if seldom very stately, has never the freshness and novelty of absolute nature.

His characters, like his dialogue, while generally grateful to the actor and sometimes capable of very fine development upon the stage, are never real creations—they do not stand out in our memory like Tony Lumpkin and Bob Acres, or even Tom Stylus, Chodd, Eccles, and Sam Gerridge. Comedy, indeed, which depends so much on the invention of eccentric characters, is hardly Mr. Taylor's strong point: nor is poetic tragedy: it is in sound and interesting drama that he excels—though he has enough humour to give a pleasant relief to the stronger situations of his serious plays; and *The Overland Route* is thoroughly agreeable and amusing, if a little wanting in lightness of touch, and a little too long.

Most of Mr. Taylor's plays, indeed, would bear compression; his style is a trifle heavy and verbose—wants *verve* and *piquancy*; and he has not learnt the extreme (perhaps excessive) neatness of construction which characterises the modern French school and our own Robertson's comedies. In a word, his style would never carry a play through; and when he has not a thoroughly good and dramatic subject, he fails—as witness *Anne Boleyn*, one of the dullest plays we ever sat through, on the first night, at all events, when it contained five acts, and played over four hours.

In one respect Mr. Taylor is unrivalled—he can adapt a play as no other man can, making it thoroughly English and thoroughly of the period into which he chooses to transplant his story. We cannot imagine a play of which the atmosphere, the surroundings, are more entirely "London" than the *Ticket-of-Leave-Man*; the old Jew "fence," the chattering landlady, the publican, the wonderful street-boy (though one hardly knows how much of the effect of this perfect creation is due to the genius of Miss Farren, its greatest representative; whose acting in her first scene is quite worthy to be compared with that of Mr. Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*)—none of these for a moment betray the Parisian origin of the story. It is still more instructive to compare his charming one-act drama *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing* with its original (*Une Femme Qui Deteste Son Mari*), in which the scene is laid in Paris, in 1794, instead of among the Somersetshire partisans of Monmouth, in the reign of James II. It is not often that a work is so greatly improved in translation as this; a far more effective opening has been given to it, the brutal Colonel Kirke gives far more strength to the play than the conventionally comic Rosette, an unnecessary character is cut out, the child is artistically made more prominent, and Kester Chedzoy's broad Somersetshire gives a really picturesque local colouring to the play. In story the original is closely followed, but the writing has a freshness and ease rare indeed in translations.

Finally, Mr. Tom Taylor, while he has never written a play of supreme literary merit (how many such plays have we in the language?), has given us the most successful historical play of the last twenty years, *'Twixt Axe and Crown*; the most successful melodrama, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*; the most successful dramatic comedy, *Still Waters Run Deep*; and the most successful comedy of eccentric character, *Our American Cousin*, though this, of course, owed its enormous "run" chiefly to Mr. Sothern's wonderful elaboration of the part of Dundreary. Thus, if we cannot consider Mr. Taylor a great original genius, we must allow that he has given our stage more sound and valuable work than any of his contemporaries.

SALMON-ANGLING IN IRELAND.—At length the salmon-fishing season begins to show signs of improvement. Up to the present date the water has been constantly in a more or less flooded state, unfavourable alike to netter and angler, who since the commencement of the open season have had few favourable opportunities of prosecuting fishing successfully. From Ireland, where as yet the capture of fish has been of the poorest description, we hear of some good sport within the last week or ten days, during which the wafer has subsided and fresh-run fish have run up; in some instances, it is said, in exceptionally large numbers. On the Shannon several splendid fish have been landed. In the Castle Connell district Captain Vansittart landed on the Hermitage water two splendid fish, weighing respectively 39½ lb and 30 lb. On the Limerick water a beauty of 38 lb was landed, in which district Major Armstrong lately took one fish of 35 lb and another of 30 lb. Mr. Macnamara succeeded one day in landing four fish, two of which weighed 30 lb, and two 20 lb. In the Killaloe district a fish of 30½ lb was taken. On the whole, the fishing on the river has improved of late, and the various anglers who have taken up their quarters at the different fishing-stations are hopefully looking forward to better sport shortly. Heavy water has interfered with the fishing on the Blackwater, but the river is said to be literally "swarming" with fish. At Kenny, Major Roberts took a splendid salmon weighing 35 lb; Mr. Lane of Gurteenbache, two, one of which scaled 35 lb. A number of fine fish have been captured both by the local anglers and by visitors. On the Moy, Ballina, anglers have been busy. Salmon-trout and pike fishing have all improved. On the Lee, county Cork, sport has been very good, the return for ten days' fishing being, Mr. Rearden, ten fish; Mr. Bass, eight; Colonel Forster, seven; Captain Ducrot, seven; Mr. Abbott, six; Mr. Dell, four; Mr. R. Warren, three; Mr. Barry, three; and several others two and one fish each.

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BY THE BYE,



MACBETH has revisited the stage in the person of Mr. Irving, and the controversy concerning his novel conception of the character still drags its length along. Therefore, perhaps, we may be permitted to ask:—

"Did Shakspeare ever visit Perth, and, standing on the great hill of Dunsinane, where the real Macbeth built his great castle, did he see in the distance that other great hill of Birnam, and, listening to the legend of the locality, see, in his wondrous fancy, the wood begin to move?"

In a former "By-the-Bye" way we noted some curious traditional facts, preserved in half-fabulous old chronicles, with which Shakspeare was evidently familiar when he wrote

Macbeth. In Guthrie's "History of Scotland" it is stated that, in the year 1599, Queen Elizabeth, at the special request of the Scottish King, James, sent a famous company of English players to act before his Court and capital, and, he adds, "I have good reason to think the immortal Shakspeare was of the number." In that same year, we may add, Perth was visited by some famous players, and the old records of that city and year contain an entry noting how, on June 3, the Kirk Session, having examined a copy of the play certain actors had brought with them, authorised its performance." Within a few miles from Perth, in the parish of Collace, stands the famous hill, more than a thousand feet in height, called Dunsinane. If Shakspeare did visit Perth in 1599 with that company of famous English players, it is exceedingly probable that he went to Dunsinane, and may there have heard a very singular and ancient tradition belonging exclusively to the locality, and differing widely—as Shakspeare's tragedy does—from what are called the historical facts of Macbeth's death. The tradition, which, we find, was well known amongst the parishioners of Collace in the last century, and also in 1823, affirms that Macbeth, described as a giant, acted upon the advice of witches when he built a vast castle of immense strength on this rocky eminence, commanding an extensive view of more than fifty miles, being told that until the wood on the hill of Birnam, twelve miles distant, should extend to Dunsinane, that castle would remain impregnable. The tradition goes on to tell how Malcolm and the English force went to Deurkield to meet their Scottish friends, the way thereto bringing them to the wood in question, where his soldiers cut down twigs and boughs to wear in their caps, thus verifying, but less completely than Shakspeare does, the witches' prophecy. When the wicked giant—or "Lang Man"—of Dunsinane, defeated, and flying from his castle, was overtaken by Macduff, in wild terror of his pursuers (for which Shakspeare invented an explanation) he threw himself from a precipitous rock and was dashed to pieces. Those who told the story used to point out from the giant's fortress a mound, beneath which Macbeth was buried, close by the road in which, it was said, he caused poor Banquo to be murdered.

We think it exceedingly probable that Dr. Guthrie's conjecture is well founded, and that our great dramatic bard really did stand upon the magic-guarded hill of Dunsinane and look towards Birnam; that he clambered down the rocks to stand beside the long man's grave, and there dreamt of his forthcoming immortal tragedy. By-the-bye, a weird, strange, wild picture of grim deeds and midnight hags, mingling in misty confusion in the gloom of twilight, with that magic castle on the rocks and its savage scenery, the giant's grave, and the deeply-musing figure of Shakspeare beside it. We know some clever painter-friends of ours, and one of their number might be grateful enough to say "Thank you!" for this little hint.

There is another probable Shakspearian conjecture on page 567 of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, to the effect that Shakspeare's first play was produced at Stratford when the players from London were there; that it was *Hamlet*; and that to its merit, extraordinary even in the days of Marlowe and the older dramatists, Shakspeare owed his introduction to the stage. This accords with a well-known tradition that Shakspeare's "first appearance on any stage" was made as the Ghost in that famous tragedy.

Speaking of Shakspeare reminds us that hearty thanks are due from all Shakspearian students to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for their new facsimile of the famous first folio of our great bard's immortal works.

And, by-the-bye, our thanks are also due to the same publishers for having issued in a complete form the dramatic works of our famous Lincolnshire poet, Westland Marston. Who would not be pleased to welcome back to the stage, as a further means of checking that overwhelming torrent of wild nonsense and extravagance which drove them thence, such noble plays as *The Patrician's Daughter*, *The Favourite of Fortune*, *Ann Blake*, *Strathmore*, and *The Heart of the World?* The public, which recently found the unexpected revival of Shakspeare so wholesomely and delightfully refreshing after the long reign of such things as Dryden described, "compounds of extravagance fit only to entertain people who are judges of neither men nor manners." Dryden had in view the then newly-introduced farces, but we have of late rejoiced in compounds of extravagance to which the wildest farces of his day would be reasonable and sober. To these empty things, devoid of wit, humour, or satire, we owed the recent long exclusion of Shakspeare and his more worthy modern successors from the stage, managers affecting to believe that the legitimate drama spelt ruin. But now revival is the word, and there is hope for our drama in the welcome sound. Colley Cibber pointed out how in his day the introduction of farce, pantomime, and spectacle had so degraded the profession that actors of intellect and real merit had grown more and more scarce; were, in fact, driven from the stage, to its doleful and rapidly progressive degradation.

In those days, by-the-bye, as old playbills show, the ladies were regarded as the drama's special and peculiar supporters, and every performance was advertised as under their special patronage. But, let not the superior animals chuckle, for then arose "The Shakspeare Club," a society of ladies for the revival of Shakspeare and the legitimate drama. Many verses were dedicated to this society and written in its praise. One said,

No more shall Merit's passion fail
Since Beauty wit and knowledge prize,
Whose bright example shall prevail,
And make it fashion to be wise.

But Beauty's bright example did not prevail to any extent worth speaking about until a young man from the country—one Garrick—burst upon the town and was hailed with such a storm of approbation, such wild enthusiasm, such a frantic driving and rushing of vast audiences to witness Shakspearian performances as was never before seen. So in the earliest infancy of the legitimate drama, when it had become vitiated and degraded for the first time, another young man from the country—one Shakspeare—came to the rescue, and was hailed with as wild an outburst of delight. And so it ever has been since. And so it seems that what we really want for the elevation of the stage and the advancement of its nobler aims is not an appreciative public—that has never been wanting—but properly educated, trained, intellectually gifted actors, actresses, and dramatists, old or new.

By-the-bye, has it ever been noted how much we owe in this way of education and training to those societies of obscure amateur actors and elocutionists, who are now, perhaps, more numerous than they ever were before. How well we remember the days when several well-known actors and dramatists were, with ourselves, members of a certain elocutionary histrionic class in South London, one which yet dwells—surely, not unloved—in the memory of a Mr. John Lawrence Toole, who is not, perhaps, quite unknown to our readers or to fame.

Talking of amateur theatrical clubs, we were present a few evenings since at the birth of the youngest of that race, which has been christened the Maizemore Club. It arose out of a very homely, pleasant festive gathering of old friends and relatives at the residence of a well-known scenepainter. Nearly every person present, and there were many, boasted a connection with the drama, either as actor, author, singer, scenic-artist, musician, or dancer; and, of all things in the world to be provided for the amusement of such a gathering, we had an amateur performance! It was as if a baker should spend his holiday in manufacturing home-made bread. Amongst those present was little Miss Eleanor Corri, the composer of a pretty little song fast becoming popular, called "Angel's Eyes," together with her grandmother, a clever, dear old lady with a wonderful memory, who—an actress all her life from very infancy—had actually played with Edmund Kean. She told

certain stage-struck tailor. The tailor made clothes for the actor's friend, and the latter had reasons of his own for being on very friendly terms with the tailor—one does sometimes dread quarrelling with one's tailor horribly. At last the great



player-man promised to see the tailor-man, and, if possible, in his friend's behalf, give him the coveted "appearance." So the tailor came—a slim, weak-voiced, mild, quite young man, with a half-vacant smile and an eyeglass in one eye.

Said the tragedian, in his deep, bass voice, with every word distinctly uttered: "I suppose, Sir, you are familiar with the works of Shakespeare?" A soft low hiss, intended for yes, escaped the tailor's lips. "And know the great parts, I suppose? Now, give me a taste of your quality, Sir. You are doubtless familiar with the famous speech of Richard, 'Now is the winter of our discontent,' and so on?"

After some little hesitation a faintly-tremulous reply came hesitatingly from the tailor, "No-o-o; I haven't read that."

"Do you know Hamlet—the speech to the players?"

The soft, low, quavering voice replied, almost inaudibly, "No-o-o; I haven't read that."

"Try Othello, then. You know his address to the Senate—'Most potent, grave, and reverend,' &c.? Go on!"

"No-o-o; I haven't read that," feebly drawled the tailor.

By this time the actor's patience was exhausted, and he was growing indignantly angry. Inquiring if the tailor was acquainted with Macbeth's address to the ghost of Banquo, he received the same sigh-like "No-o-o!" and "I haven't read that!" in reply; when, saying "I'll teach you it!" he thundered forth "Avant and quit my sight," &c., with such terrible effect that the startled tailor dropped his hat and stick and made in terror for the door, assisted on his way in the way our sketch indicates.

When his poor friend next visited him and, with a look of



First Performance of The Maizemore Dramatic Club. Scene from "The Rendevous"

us several very amusing and deeply-interesting stories of him and of the olden times to which she belonged, and amongst others the following, in which her father, who was also an actor, played the principal part.

Macready the elder had opened the Birmingham Theatre, and the star of the occasion was no less a personage than Mrs. Siddons. Several members of the company had taken offence at what they considered her contemptuous and haughty treatment of them, and two were resolved to be cruelly, barbarously, and shamelessly revenged. In the midst of the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*, when the densely-packed house was awed into a deathlike silence, and the terrible words of the grand old actress sent a chilling shiver creeping down innumerable back-bones, a wig worn by the leader of the band, which stood up dark and prominent just above the footlights, began to move to and fro, to rise and fall, in a truly eccentric manner. When, by these fantastic movements, it had repeatedly attracted the attention of its wearer, who, glaring angrily round each time to detect the cause thereof, as often silently readjusted it upon his bald pate, the audience began to titter. On this the wig grew more erratic in its motions. Suddenly it ascended into the air, and there began to whirl and twist in frantic dancelike motions high above the excited wearer's reach. Shouts of anger and shouts of laughter blended in one loud roar to the entire and shameful discomfiture of the great actress, who rushed from the stage, and was vehement in her demands for Mr. William Macready—the ex-upholsterer, author, actor, and manager—who to his dying day never discovered who were the authors of this diabolical outrage. The black silk attached to the wig revealed the method; but the man who attached it, and the man who managed it in some way and from somewhere above the proscenium, remained unknown.

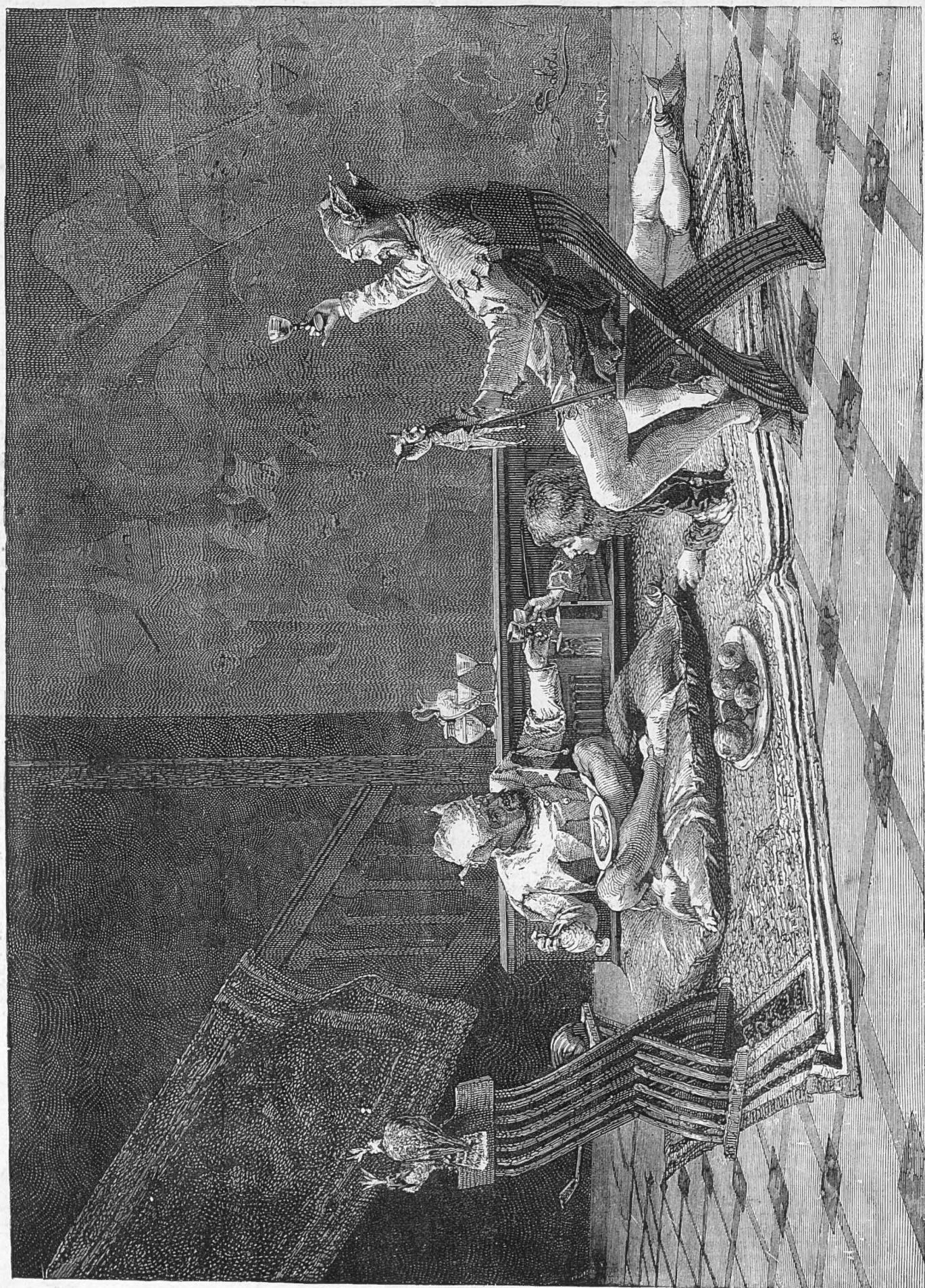
We heard another dramatic story, a few evenings since, at the Bermondsey Mechanics' Institute. The lecturer of the evening—Mr. H. G. Somerville—in a very amusing, interesting, and cleverly-delivered lecture, descriptive and dramatically and musically illustrative of his own antipodean adventures, told this story, which ran as follows:—

A tragedian well known on the Australian stage had been terribly bored by one of his best friends in the interest of a



mournful reproach, showed him the writ his tailor had issued, that actor was sorry for what he had done. But our bye-way space is now more than filled, and our chat must cease.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.



"MOTLEY'S THE ONLY WEAR."